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LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

LETTERS AND JOURNALS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT

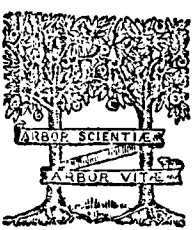
SELECTED AND EDITED

WITH A COMMENTARY AND NOTES

BY

STANLEY LANE-POOLE

98081



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PREFACE

THE present volume is intended to supply what was wanting in my *Selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift.* There my object was to offer what I considered the best specimens (within certain necessary limits) of Swift's prose style, as shown in his public works, his satires, political papers, and narrative pieces—in short, his literary style, in which there is more of the author than the man. In the present selection it is not the style, but Swift the man, in whom we are interested, and the letters and journals are chosen with a view of illustrating his manner of life, his friendships and tastes,—to show us the satirist at home, with his armour off, the cynic delighting in the society of the few people whom he excluded from his general condemnation of the "animal called man." It is true that the letters are as delightful as any of Swift's works in point of style. They possess the greatest charm letters can have, perfect sincerity and frankness: Swift writes as though he were talking face to face with his friends. But they have also the vigour, the terse directness, the finish of thought and expression,

which were integral parts of Swift's composition, whether it were mere correspondence or a classic like *Gulliver*. In the following pages will be found examples of every mood and manner: from the somewhat formal, but exquisitely finished, letters to Bolingbroke, to the admirable nonsense he wrote to dear Tom Sheridan, or the tender "little language" which he consecrated to Stella.

I will not, however, allow myself to be betrayed into a disquisition upon Swift as a letter writer. There is a great advantage attaching to a second volume in a series: it is possible to profit by the criticisms that have been passed upon the first. Some of my reviewers (for whom I have too much fellow-feeling to think of disputing their judgments, though the public, perversely enough, do not echo them) were advised that my introduction to the *Prose Writings* was too discursive, and indeed a trifle superfluous; it discoursed, pleasantly, they were so kind as to allow, concerning all things extant and a few besides, and this they opined was unnecessary in a volume of selections from Swift. Perhaps it was; introductory essays may not be required for so well-thumbed a classic as Swift appears to be; and I shall therefore in the present instance follow my critics' advice and confine myself to the briefest possible remarks.

The *Letters and Journals* do not suffer from one disadvantage which was noticed in the *Prose Writings;* they hardly require any excisions to satisfy the fastidious taste of the present day. It was with genuine pleasure that I observed that the criticisms on the *Prose Writings* did not contest points of editing or notes, but agreed, with some flattering exceptions,

in preferring two main counts against me: the one that I had "Bowdlerized" Swift, which was unnecessary and unjustifiable; the other that I had given a great many short extracts, when the whole of *Gulliver* and the *Tale of a Tub* would have formed a much better representation of Swift's style and method of composition. My reviewers did me too much honour in supposing that I was the editor of the "Parchment Library," for that hypothesis could alone explain the first of these criticisms; inasmuch as it is well known that the "Parchment Library" is published on the principle that none of its volumes shall contain anything that may not be read aloud in the drawing-room. I think the principle an excellent one, considering the character of the "Library;" but I do not claim the credit or responsibility of formulating it, neither can I be condemned for complying with it. The second count comes to some degree under the first; for if my critics prefer to read the whole of *Gulliver* or *The Tale of a Tub* in a drawing-room to a mixed audience, composed of people of ordinary views on religion and decency, it is at least doubtful whether they would find a second audience prepared to suffer like things. But a complete answer to the suggestion that these two classical works together would form a satisfactory volume of the "Parchment Library" is furnished by practical considerations of space. As far as can be guessed, without what the printers call a "cast off," a volume so composed would almost take the shape of the geometrical figure termed a cube, being as fat as it is high; and, though the breadth would look imposing in a shelf, there are obvious objections to its use in the hand.

I may say at once that there are very few words erased from the following letters on the score of indelicacy; such omissions as have been made are due chiefly to considerations of space and the advisability of printing only a portion of a letter when the rest is made up of minute business directions or other matters of little general interest. I am happy to assure those who are tender upon this point that the letters are not "Bowdlerized," because they did not require the process. I am afraid, however, that on the second critical count,—that I have not selected the proper pieces,—I am even worse off than in the previous volume. There is no denying the fact that Swift's letters are so numerous that several selections might be made from them, and for the various and valuable suggestions which I am confident will be made, and which I am conscious I ought to have adopted, I can only follow the polite custom of *nos chers voisins* and say *merci d'avance*. Yet in extenuation of my guilt in not having inserted all the letters which I ought to have inserted, and in inserting many letters which I ought not to have inserted, let me humbly point, as a parallel, to the curious fate of the compilers of hymnaries; for there was never yet a selection of hymns made, but some old lady would complain that the particular sacred lyric which she had been in the habit of chanting from her childhood had been wantonly omitted. I have sinned, but I have sinned in respectable company.

The biographical introductions to the various sections in this volume will explain the circumstances in which the letters were written, and the notes at the end will clear up some incidental obscurities.

To comment adequately on Swift's correspondence would involve a history of the first half of the eighteenth century, and I only pretend to point out a few references to contemporary persons and events, in which I have been greatly aided by previous commentators, and also by the biographies of Mr. Forster and Mr. Craik. Most of the letters are reprinted from the ordinary text (Scott's), but the *Journal to Stella* has been collated with the original manuscript in those parts which are fortunately preserved in the British Museum, and the two Barber letters have had a similar advantage (see p. 289); the letter to Arbuthnot on pp. 124-6 is from the MS. in the Forster Library at the South Kensington Museum, and has hitherto only been published (and not quite completely) in Mr. Craik's excellent *Life of Swift;* and the letter to Walls, pp. 42-3, is now completely published for the first time, by kind permission, from Mr. Murray's MSS., though its substance has been already made known by Mr. Craik. The letter to Winder, pp. 271-3, has also been collated with Mr. Murray's MS., which offers several corrections of the ordinary text.

I am confident that no one can read these letters without materially changing, if he ever held it, the traditional view of Swift as the morose cynic. There is nothing in all literature more tender than the *Journal to Stella:* the man who could write that, could fool so gaily with Sheridan, pour out his own sorrows and his anxious care for his friends with such touching solicitude to Pope and Arbuthnot, who could keep his heart kindly and green for his friends in his old age, after years of trial and disappointment, was not the callous misanthrope he has been represented.

The study of the private life and correspondence of Swift is a valuable corrective to the impressions derived from his literary works. One realizes that the man had a warmer heart than the author would have us believe.

Easebourne, Midhurst,
Aug. 16, 1885.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Preface v

I. EARLY LETTERS 1
Fragment of an Autobiography 3
To the Rev. John Kendall, Feb. 11, 1691-2 . . . 8
To Mr. William Swift, Nov. 29, 1692 12
To Varina [Miss Waring], April 29, 1696 14
To the same, May 4, 1700 19
Resolutions when I come to be old, 1699 25
To the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, Feb. 3, 1703-4 26
To the same, April 20, 1704 28
To Archbishop King, Jan. 6, 1708-9 33
To Colonel Hunter, Jan. 12, 1708-9 37
To the same, March 22, 1708-9 39
To Archdeacon Walls, Jan. 22, 1707-8 42
To Dean Sterne, April 17, 1710 44

II. THE JOURNAL TO STELLA 47
From Letter II. Sept. 9, 1710 50
,, Letter V. Sept. 30 ,, ... 52
,, ,, Oct. 4 ,, ... 52
,, ,, Oct. 7 ,, ... 53
,, ,, Oct. 8 ,, ... 55
,, Letter VII. Oct. 13 ,, ... 55
,, ,, Oct. 14 ,, ... 57
,, Letter VIII. Nov. 8 ,, ... 59

II. THE JOURNAL TO STELLA (*continued*). PAGE

From Letter IX. Nov. 11, 1710 59
,, Letter X. Nov. 30 ,, ... 60
,, ,, Dec. 1 ,, ... 62
,, ,, Dec. 3 ,, ... 62
,, Letter XI. Dec. 13 ,, ... 63
,, ,, Dec. 14 ,, ... 64
,, Letter XII. Dec. 31 ,, ... 66
,, ,, Jan. 1, 1710-11 . . . 68
,, Letter XIII. Jan. 4 ,, . . . 68
,, ,, Jan. 5 ,, . . . 69
,, ,, Jan. 6 ,, . . . 70
,, Letter XIV. Jan. 16 ,, . . . 70
,, ,, Jan. 18 ,, . . . 71
,, ,, Jan. 21 ,, . . . 72
,, ,, Jan. 22 ,, . . . 73
,, Letter XVI. Feb. 14 ,, . . . 73
,, ,, Feb. 17 ,, . . . 73
,, ,, Feb. 21 ,, . . . 74
,, Letter XVIII. March 7 ,, . . . 74
,, ,, March 8 ,, . . . 75
,, Letter XX. April 21, 1711 76
,, Letter XXII. May 4 ,, ... 78
,, ,, May 5 ,, ... 79
,, Letter XXIII. May 15 ,, ... 79
,, ,, May 23 ,, ... 80
,, Letter XXIV. June 4 ,, ... 80
,, ,, June 5 ,, ... 81
,, ,, June 6 ,, ... 82
,, Letter XXV. June 30 ,, ... 83
,, Letter XXVII. July 28 ,, ... 86
,, ,, July 29 ,, ... 87
,, ,, July 31 ,, ... 88
,, ,, Aug. 1 ,, ... 88
,, ,, Aug. 2 ,, ... 89
,, ,, Aug. 4, 5 ,, ... 89
,, ,, Aug. 8 ,, ... 90
,, Letter XXVIII. Aug. 24 ,, ... 90
,, Letter XXIX. Sept. 8 ,, ... 92
,, Letter XXXI. Oct. 3 ,, ... 93
,, Letter XXXII. Oct. 10 ,, ... 94

II. THE JOURNAL TO STELLA (*continued*). PAGE

From Letter XXXIII. Nov. 3, 1711 94
,, Letter XXXIV. Nov. 9 ,, ... 97
,, ,, Nov. 10 ,, ... 97
,, ,, Nov. 13 ,, ... 98
,, Letter XXXVI. Dec. 9 ,, ... 98
,, ,, Dec. 14 ,, ... 99
,, ,, Dec. 15 ,, ... 100
,, Letter XXXVII. Dec. 29 ,, ... 100
,, Letter XXXVIII. Dec. 30 ,, ... 100
,, Letter XLII. Feb. 26, 1711-12 101
,, ,, Feb. 29 ,, ... 102
,, ,, March 5 ,, ... 103
,, Letter XLVIII. June 17, 1712 103
,, Letter LV. Nov. 15 ,, ... 104
,, Letter LVI. Dec. 12 ,, ... 105
,, Letter LVII. Dec. 27 ,, ... 106
,, ,, Dec. 31 ,, ... 107
,, ,, Jan. 3, 1712-13 108
,, Letter LVIII. Jan. 5 ,, ... 108
,, ,, Jan. 9 ,, ... 109
,, ,, Jan. 10 ,, ... 109
,, ,, Jan. 14 ,, ... 110
,, Letter LIX. Jan. 31 ,, ... 110
,, ,, Feb. 13 ,, ... 111
,, ,, Feb. 14 ,, ... 111
,, Letter LXII. April 3, 1713 112
,, Letter LXIII. April 13 ,, ... 113
,, ,, April 16 ,, ... 113
,, ,, April 18 ,, ... 114
,, ,, April 23 ,, ... 115
,, Letter LXV. June 6 ,, ... 115
Political Letters supplementary to the Journal . . 116
To Archbishop King, Aug. 26, 1711 117
To Lord Treasurer Oxford, on the death of his daughter, Nov. 21, 1713 119
To the same, July 1, 1714 122
To Dr. Arbuthnot, June 16, 1714 123
To the same, July 3, 1714 124
To Lord Bolingbroke, Aug. 7, 1714 127
To Alexander Pope, Jan. 10, 1721 131

		PAGE
III.	STELLA AND VANESSA	143
	Extracts from "Cadenus and Vanessa"	146
	To Miss Vanhomrigh, June 8, 1714	150
	To the same, Aug. 12, 1714	151
	From the same, 1714	152
	From the same, 1720	153
	To the same, 1720	153
	To the same, July 5, 1721	155
	To the same, July 13, 1722	157
	To Mr. Worrall, July 15, 1726	159
	To the Rev. Dr. Stopford, July 20, 1726	161
	To Dr. Sheridan, Aug. 29, 1727	162
	To the same, Sept. 2, 1727	163
	The Journal at Holyhead, Sept., 1727	165
	On the Death of Mrs. Johnson, Jan. 28, 1727-8	168
IV.	LETTERS TO FRIENDS IN ENGLAND	179
	To Lord Bolingbroke, Sept. 14, 1714	184
	To the same, Dec. 19, 1719	187
	To Mr. Gay, Jan. 8, 1723	191
	To Mr. Pope, Sept. 29, 1725	194
	To Mrs. Howard, Nov. 17, 1726	197
	To Mr. Pope, Nov. 17, 1726	200
	To Patty Blount, Feb. 29, 1728	201
	To Mr. Pope, Feb. 13, 1729	204
	To Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, April 5, 1729	206
	To Lord Bolingbroke, Oct. 31, 1729	210
	To Mr. Gay, Nov. 10, 1730	213
	To Mr. Gay and the Duchess, April 13, 1731	215
	To the same, June 29, 1731	218
	To the same, Aug. 28, 1731	220
	To Mr. Gay, Sept. 10, 1731	223
	To the same, May 4, 1732	224
	To Mr. Pope, July 8, 1733	227
	To Dr. Arbuthnot [Oct. 1734]	229
	To Mr. Alderman Barber, March 1, 1735	232
	To the same, Sept. 3, 1735	234
	To Mr. Pope, Feb. 7, 1736	236
	To the same, Dec. 2, 1736	237
	To Mr. Pope and Lord Bolingbroke, Aug. 8, 1738	240

PAGE

V. LETTERS TO FRIENDS IN IRELAND 243
To Dr. Sheridan, Dec. 22, 1722 248
To the same, Jan. 25, 1725 249
To the same, June 28, 1725 252
To the same, June 29, 1725 254
To the same, Sept. 11, 1725 256
To the same, June, 1735 259
To Mrs. Whiteway, Nov. 8, 1735 262
To the same, Nov. 15, 1735 264
To the same, Nov. 28, 1735 266
To Dr. Sheridan, April 9, 1737 270
To the Rev. John Winder, Feb. 19, 1731-2 . . . 271
To Mrs. Whiteway, April 29, 1740 274
To Mr. Richardson, May 13, 1740 274
To Mrs. Whiteway, "if I do not blunder, July 26, 1740" 275
NOTES 277

I. EARLY LETTERS

1691—1710

I. EARLY LETTERS

1691—1710

ÆT. 23—43.

"JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor of Divinity and Dean of St. Patrick's, was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Thomas Swift, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings. His father died young, about two years after his marriage; he had some employment and agencies; and his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding. He married Mrs. Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks. This marriage was, on both sides, very indiscreet; for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune, and his death happening so suddenly, before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son, not then born, hath often been heard to say that he felt the consequence of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greater part of his life.

"He was born in Dublin on St. Andrew's day [30 Nov.], in the year 1667, and when he was a year old an event happened to him that seems very unusual, for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, and being at the same time extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle,

and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell ; and by the time that he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.

"After his return to Ireland he was sent to the school at Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the University of Dublin, a pensioner, on the 24th of April, 1682, where, by the ill-treatment of his nearest relations, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits that he too much neglected his academic studies, for some parts of which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry : so that when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor of arts, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted in a manner, little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*, on the 15th of February, 1685, with four more on the same footing ; and this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record on their college registry.

"The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester ; and, after continuing there some months, he was received by Sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey, where he continued for about two years. For he happened before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a giddiness and coldness of stomach that almost brought him to his grave ; and this disorder pursued him with intermissions of two or three years to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, in 1690, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health ; but, growing worse, he soon went back to Sir William Temple, with whom, growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance.

"About this time a bill was brought into the House of

Commons for triennial Parliaments, against which the King, who was a stranger to our constitution, was very adverse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the Earl of Portland that King Charles the First lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The Earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor Park by his Majesty's orders to have Sir William Temple's advice, who said much to show him the mistake. But he continued still to advise the King against passing the Bill, whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with a whole account of the matter in writing, to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. He told the Earl, to whom he was referred by his Majesty, and gave it in writing, that the ruin of King Charles the First was not owing to passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any Parliament, but to the passing of another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the Parliament then in being without the consent of the House. Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was under twenty-one years of age, gave the King a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland, but all in vain, for the King, by ill-advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill. This was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity.

"Mr. Swift having lived with Sir William Temple some time, resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take Orders, but first commenced M.A. in Oxford as a student at Hart Hall on the 6th of July, 1692. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support; and Sir William, being then Master of the Rolls, offered him an employ of about £120 in that office, whereupon Mr. Swift told him that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland and take Holy Orders. In the year 1694 he was admitted into deacon's and priest's orders by Dr. William Moreton, Bishop of Kildare, who ordained him priest at Christ Church the 13th of January that year. He was recommended to the Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north worth about £100 a year, called the

prebend of Kilroot in the cathedral of Connor, of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend who was reckoned a man of sense and piety, and was besides encumbered with a large family, after which he continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who, besides a legacy, left him the care and trust and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

"Upon this event Mr. Swift returned to London, and applied by petition to King William upon the claim of a promise his Majesty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. Colonel Henry Sidney, lately created Earl of Romney, who possessed much friendship for him, and was now in some credit at court on account of his early services to the King in Holland before the Revolution, for which he was made Master-General of the Ordnance, Constable of Dover Castle, Lord Warden of the Cinq Ports, and one of the Lords of the Council, promised to second Mr. Swift's petition, but said not a word to the King. And Mr. Swift, having totally relied on this lord's honour, and having neglected to use any other instrument of reminding his Majesty of the promise made to Sir William Temple, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given by the Earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland as his chaplain and private secretary, his lordship having been appointed one of the lords justices of that kingdom, with the Duke of Bolton and the Earl of Galway, on the 29th of June, 1699. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as secretary the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so far insinuated himself into the Earl's favour, by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one who aimed only at church preferment, that his lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other.

"In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so disordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery, and at

this present time, not a sixth; namely, the Rectory of Agher and the vicarage of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the diocese of Meath, for which his letters patent bear date the 24th of February following. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he was then thirty years old.

"The next year, in 1700, his grace Narcissus, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, was pleased to confer on Dr. Swift the prebend of Dunraven, in the cathedral of St. Patrick's, by an instrument of institution and collation dated the 28th of September. And on the 22nd of October after he took his seat in the chapter.

"From this time he continued in Ireland, and, on the 16th of February, 1701, he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, after which he went to England about the beginning of April and spent near a year there."

These extracts from the "Fragment of an Autobiography" present the outward facts of Swift's life, up to the age of thirty-three, in his own words. The few authentic details that may be added to this meagre outline of his youth are chiefly due to the researches of Mr. Forster, and will be found in the monumental Life of which death unhappily prevented the completion. An unhappy childhood, weighed down by the double curse of poverty and dependence, a desultory, perhaps wild, and certainly unsuccessful, university career,—though not the career of vice and insubordination with which it has been the fashion to credit him,—ended with the general flight of loyal people upon the beginning of the "troubles" which attended the Revolution of 1685 in Ireland. Swift fled from Dublin with the rest, and joined his mother in Leicester, where the contented old lady had long before retired, and declared herself rich and happy on her modest pension of twenty pounds a year. Up to this time there are no contemporary letters of Swift's, nor does the later correspondence throw any light upon the obscure periods of school and college. The visit to Leicester, however, is illustrated by the following letter to the vicar of Thornton in that county,—peculiarly interesting as showing what were Swift's views on marriage and women at the age of twenty-three. It is curious to find Swift thus early challenged for his intimacy with a woman whom he had no

intention of marrying, when we remember what tragic consequences ensued from a similar cause many years later in the case of Vanessa. Swift's charm for women, and his delight in their society, taken with his avowed dislike to marriage and frequent expressions of contempt for love, are among the strange contradictions of his life.

TO THE REV. JOHN KENDALL.

Moor Park, February 11, 1691-2.

SIR,—If anything made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning, which, indeed, grew less upon knowing the occasion; since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose yours to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper and unconfined humour is a much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all that suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone turns all, for want

of practice, into speculation and thought; insomuch, that these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it which a great person of honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved myself just the same way; and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am when I am going to choose for a wife; and though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleanlier carried than this which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues: for, though the people is a lying sort of a beast, (and I think in Leicester above all parts that I

ever was in,) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any further than a bare acquaintance. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which I assure you is a great number,) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity by an overacting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from listing under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, frighten me from that; besides that I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand; and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to show you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be so as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in Leicester if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be; and so I contented myself with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this

trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife, I am, good cousin, your very affectionate friend and servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

The preceding letter was written from Moor Park, the Surrey house of Sir William Temple, whose family had been acquainted with the Swifts in their more prosperous days, and whose wife was a connection of Jonathan's mother. Swift's own account of the reasons which induced him to make Moor Park his home for nearly ten years are given in a letter which he wrote to Lord Palmerston, a member of the Temple family, in 1726:—

"I own myself indebted to Sir William for recommending me to the late King, although without success, and to his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose if I retired to his house on any other motive than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him."

Ever intolerant of patronage, Swift will not allow that he received any favour from Temple; but there can be little doubt that his reception at Moor Park was at first an act of generosity to a friendless kinsman, who had no very obvious prospect of supporting himself; though the originally dependent position was soon exchanged for one of mutual assistance and respect when it was discovered what manner of a man the new Irish secretary was. There can be small doubt that the chief cause of Temple's backwardness in pressing Swift's claims for a post upon the King was his own sense of the indispensable services of his secretary to himself. This idea is confirmed by the following letter of Swift to his uncle William, which also gives a dim picture of the rather lonely life in his patron's house, relieved, however, by the visit to Ox-

ford, where he was admitted to an *ad eundem* M.A. degree with many marks of esteem.

TO MR. WILLIAM SWIFT.

Moor Park, November 29, 1692.

SIR,—My sister told me you were pleased (when she was here) to wonder I did so seldom write to you. I hope you have been so kind to impute it neither to ill manners nor disrespect. I always have thought that sufficient from one who has always been but too troublesome to you. Besides, I know your aversion to impertinence; and, God knows, so very private a life as mine can furnish a letter with little else, for I often am two or three months without seeing anybody besides the family; and now my sister is gone, I am likely to be more solitary than before. I am still to thank you for your care in my *testimonium;* and it is to very good purpose, for I never was more satisfied than in the behaviour of the university of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wish for, and so many substantial favours, that I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers than ever I was in seven years to Dublin College. I am not to take orders till the King gives me a prebend; and Sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish, because (I suppose) he believes I shall leave him, and, upon some accounts, he thinks me a little necessary to him. If I were affording entertainment or doing you any satisfaction by my letters, I should be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. , I am sorry my fortune should fling me so far from the best of my relations; but hope that I shall have

the happiness to see you some time or other. Pay my humble service to my good aunt, and the rest of my relations, if you please.

Swift had probably for some time decided upon taking orders on the first favourable occasion. The church was the natural destination of the scholar, and though Swift entertained a very high notion of the duties of a clergyman, he was, doubtless, also influenced by the facilities for promotion that were offered by the clerical profession. "It is easier," he wrote, "to provide for ten men in the church than one in a civil employment." But he refused to take orders merely for the sake of support, and it was only when Sir William Temple offered him a clerkship in the Rolls Office in Dublin that he finally resolved to enter the church, now that he could no longer be accused of acting from mercenary motives. He was weary of the life of inaction and dependence at Moor Park, and seized the opportunity to break with Temple, and go to Dublin; where he was ordained deacon, and shortly afterwards priest at the close of 1694, and, in the following January, was presented by the Lord Deputy with the prebend of Kilroot, worth about £100 a year. He did not stay there long; for, in 1696, Temple, who found the services of his secretary indispensable in the editing of his papers, summoned him back to England, and Swift remained at Moor Park until Sir William's death in 1699. He had time, however, during his year's residence at Kilroot, a little district on Belfast lough, not only to write (probably) part of the "Tale of a Tub," but to fall in love with Miss Waring, or Varina, as he poetically styled her, a sister of an old college friend who resided at the neighbouring city of Belfast, where the name of the family is retained in Waring Street. Miss Waring not unnaturally refused to marry him on the small revenues of Kilroot, to which her own income would have made but an insufficient addition; and her hesitation provoked the first of the two following letters. It is the only avowed love-letter in the whole of Swift's correspondence, and reveals his nature in a light wholly different from that of his other correspondence, and quite distinct from the assured affection of the "Journal to Stella." The second shows the tables

turned; Swift was then vicar of Laracor, and Miss Waring appears to have been anxious for the marriage which she had formerly postponed. It is now Swift who is backward; and no faults on the lady's side, however well they may have justified him in breaking off the engagement, can excuse his manner of doing it.

TO VARINA.

April 29, 1696.

MADAM,—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. I find myself hugely infected with this malady, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action would furnish health to her and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doting upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it. This fully convinces me of what we are told, that the miseries of man's life are all beaten out on his own anvil. Why was I so foolish to put my hopes and fears into the

power or management of another? Liberty is doubtless the most valuable blessing of life; yet we are fond to fling it away on those who have been these 5000 years using us ill. Philosophy advises to keep our desires and prospects of happiness as much as we can in our own breasts, and independent of anything without. He that sends them abroad is likely to have as little quiet as a merchant whose stock depends upon winds, and waves, and pirates, or upon the words and faith of creditors, every whit as dangerous and inconstant as the other.

I am a villain if I have not been poring this half hour over the paper, merely for want of something to say to you: or is it rather that I have so much to say to you that I know not where to begin, though at last it's all very likely to be arrant repetition?

Two strangers, a poet and a beggar, went to cuffs yesterday in this town, which minded me to curse heartily both employments. However, I am glad to see those two trades fall out, because I always heard they had been constant cronies; but what was best of all, the poet got the better, and kicked the gentleman beggar out of doors. This was of great comfort to me, till I heard the victor himself was a most abominable bad rhymer, and as mere a vagabond beggar as the other, which is a very great offence to me; for starving is much too honourable for a blockhead. I read some of his verses printed in praise of my lady Donegal, by which he has plainly proved that Fortune has injured him, and that he is dunce enough to be worth £5000 a-year. It is a pity he has not also the qualifications to recommend himself to your sex. I dare engage no ladies will hold him long in suspense with their un-

kindness: one settlement of separate maintenance, well engrossed, would have more charms than all the wit or passion of a thousand letters. And I will maintain it, any man had better have a poor angel to his rival than the devil himself if he was rich.

You have now had time enough to consider my last letter, and to form your own resolutions upon it. I wait your answer with a world of impatience; and if you think fit I should attend you before my journey, I am ready to do it. My lady Donegal tells me that it is feared my Lord Deputy will not live many days; and if that be so, it is possible I may take shipping from hence, otherwise I shall set out on Monday fortnight for Dublin, and, after one visit of leave to his excellency, hasten to England: and how far you will stretch the point of your unreasonable scruples to keep me here will depend upon the strength of the love you pretend for me. In short, madam, I am once more offered the advantage to have the same acquaintance with greatness that I formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest. I here solemnly offer to forego it all for your sake. I desire nothing of your fortune; you shall live where and with whom you please, till my affairs are settled to your desire: and in the mean time I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable, and do not doubt to succeed.

Study seven years for objections against all this, and by heaven they will at last be no more than trifles and put-offs. It is true you have known sickness longer than you have me, and therefore perhaps you are more loath to part with it as an older acquaintance: but listen to what I here solemnly protest, by all that can be witness to an oath, that if I leave this kingdom

before you are mine, I will endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return again, though the king would send me back his deputy. And if it must be so, preserve yourself, in God's name, for the next lover who has those qualities you love so much beyond any of mine, and who will highly admire you for those advantages which shall never share any esteem from me. Would to heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me; they hale me a thousand ways, and I not able to bear them. It is so, by heaven: the love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning! It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me? and will my friends still continue reproaching me for the want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege? How comes it that they all wish us married together, they knowing my circumstances and yours extremely well, and I am sure love you too much, if it be only for my sake, to wish you anything that might cross your interest or your happiness?

Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love; yet either nature and our ancestors have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? Trust me, Varina, Heaven

has given us nothing else worth the loss of a thought. Ambition, high appearances, friends, and fortune, are all tasteless and insipid when they come in competition; yet millions of such glorious minutes are we perpetually losing,—for ever losing, irrecoverably losing,—to gratify empty forms and wrong notions, and affected coldnesses and peevish humour. These are the unhappy encumbrances which we who are distinguished from the vulgar do fondly create to torment ourselves. The only felicity permitted to human life we clog with tedious circumstances and barbarous formality. By heaven, Varina, you are more experienced and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were highly skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve. We have all of us the seeds of it implanted in ourselves, and they require no help from courts or fortune to cultivate and improve them. To resist the violence of our inclinations in the beginning is a strain of self-denial that may have some pretences to set up for a virtue: but when they are grounded at first upon reason,—when they have taken firm root and grown up to a height, 'tis folly—folly as well as injustice—to withstand their dictates; for this passion has a property peculiar to itself, to be most commendable in its extremes; and 'tis as possible to err in the excess of piety as of love.

These are the rules I have long followed with you, Varina; and had you pleased to imitate them, we should both have been infinitely happy. The little

disguises and affected contradictions of your sex were all (to say the truth) infinitely beneath persons of your pride and mine; paltry maxims that they are, calculated for the rabble of humanity. O Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself and all my sorrows! It is sunk, and a thousand graves lie open!—No, madam, I will give you no more of my unhappy temper, though I derive it all from you.

Farewell, madam; and may love make you awhile forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours.

TO MISS JANE WARING.

Dublin, May 4, 1700.

MADAM,—I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The letter you desired me to answer I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required it; however, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over. If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in; both on ac-

count of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air and before such examples. All I had in answer from you was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover; but I have since observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own; all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony; but, since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I asked in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour easy in a married state. I think it comes to almost

£100 a-year; and I think, at the same time, that no young woman in the world of the same income would dwindle away her health and life in such a sink, and among such family conversation: neither have all your letters been once able to persuade that you have the least value for me, because you so little regarded what I so often said upon that matter. The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, you can best draw consequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so close and so much required of me; but our government sits very loose, and I believe will change in few months; whether our part will partake in the change I know not, though I am very apt to believe it: and then I shall be at leisure for a short journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will, before that time, persuade you from the place where you are. I desire my service to your mother, in return for her remembrance; but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that case than you have to be angry at my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwise.

My uncle Adam asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you, because it might be a hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you) was to this effect: "That I hoped I was no hindrance to you; because the reason you urged against an union with me was drawn from your indisposition, which still continued; that you also thought my fortune not sufficient, which is neither at present in a condition to offer you; that if your health and my fortune were as they ought, I would prefer you above all your sex; but that, in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy: that, had you any other offers which your friends or yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have answered it. I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than £300 a-year? have you such an inclination to my person and humour as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor visited? can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others

the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ————? have you so much good-nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts or cities without him? In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire, indeed, a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women: and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this without ————, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, madam, your most faithful humble servant.

The statement, "upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman," that there was no "new mistress" to account for the change of his feeling towards Varina, is the

more remarkable since Swift had been in daily relations with Stella during the four years which had elapsed since he resigned his prebend at Kilroot. Even at this early date had Swift taken up the strange position towards Hester Johnson which he maintained through life, and which has baffled the curiosity of all his biographers. When he first came to Moor Park in 1689, Stella was a child of nine years, and Swift found pleasure in teaching her to write,—so that in later years Harley could not distinguish between the master's and the pupil's hands. When Temple died she was a girl of nineteen, and it is clear that Swift and she were then no ordinary friends. Soon afterwards he took upon him the direction of her affairs, persuaded her to move to Ireland, where Temple had bequeathed her a small property, and where Swift himself was now chaplain to the Lord Deputy, Lord Berkeley, and had, after many disappointments, been given the trifling living of Laracor, with some cures attached, worth, it is believed, less than £230 a year. Henceforward Stella and her duenna, Mrs. Dingley, lived in Ireland, with very occasional visits to England. They occupied Swift's lodgings when he was about in London, and moved to neighbouring rooms when he returned. The "Journal to Stella" will illustrate their life and the society they enjoyed.

Swift's position towards Hester Johnson at this period is described by himself in two letters to Dr. Tisdall, who was himself an aspirant for Stella's hand, and was clearly under the impression that he had a formidable rival in Swift. The first letter to Tisdall shows the familiar footing Swift was on with "the ladies who came from England," and gives some touches of character, Stella's jests, especially with Dilly Ashe, a famous punster, Dingley's blunders, and the rest. The second letter is in strong contrast to the playfulness of the first, and should be read in the light of the following strange "Resolutions."

RESOLUTIONS WHEN I COME TO BE OLD.

WRITTEN IN 1699.

NOT to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they really desire it.

Not to be peevish or morose, or suspicious.

Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, etc.

Not to be fond of children [or let them come near me hardly].

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over severe with young people, but give allowances for their youthful follies and weaknesses.

Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants, or others.

Not to be too free of advice, or trouble any but those that desire it.

To desire some good friend to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and wherein; and reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself.

Not to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favour with ladies, etc.

Not to hearken to flatteries, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman; *et eos qui haereditatem captant odisse ac vitare.*

Not to be positive or opinionative.

Not to set for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

TO THE REV. DR. TISDALL.

London, February 3, 1703-4.

I AM content you should judge the order of friendship you are in with me by writing to you, and accordingly you will find yourself the first after the ladies; for I never write to any other, either friend or relation, till long after. I cannot imagine what paragraph you mean in my former that was calculated for lord-primate, or how you could show it him without being afraid he might expect to see the rest. But I will take better methods another time, and you shall never, while you live, receive a syllable from me fit to be shown to a lord-primate, unless it be yourself. Montaigne was angry to see his essays lie in the parlour window, and therefore wrote a chapter that forced the ladies to keep it in their closets. After some such manner I shall henceforth use you in my letters, by making them fit to be seen by none but yourself.

I am extremely concerned to find myself unable to persuade you into a true opinion of your own littleness, nor make you treat me with more distance and respect: and the rather, because I find all your little pretensions are owing to the credit you pretend with two ladies who came from England. I allow indeed the chamber in William-street to be Little England by their influence; as an ambassador's house, wherever it is, hath all the privileges of his master's dominions; and, therefore, if you wrote the letter in their room, or their company, (for in this matter their room is as good as

their company,) I will indulge you a little. Then, for the Irish legs you reproach me with, I defy you. I had one indeed when I left your island; but that which made it Irish is spent and evaporate, and I look upon myself now as upon a new foot. You seem to talk with great security of your establishment near the ladies; though, perhaps, if you knew what they say of you in their letters to me, you would change your opinion both of them and yourself.—*A bite.*—And now you talk of a bite, I am ashamed of the ladies' being caught by you, when I had betrayed you and given them warning.——I had heard before of the choking, but never of the jest in the church; you may find from thence that women's prayers are things perfectly by rote, as they put on one stocking after another, and no more.——But if she be good at blunders, she is as ready at come-offs; and to pretend her senses were gone was a very good argument she had them about her. You seem to be mighty proud (as you have reason, if it be true,) of the part you have in the ladies' good graces, especially of her you call *the party*. . . .

I am mightily afraid the ladies are very idle, and do not mind their book. Pray, put them upon reading; and be always teaching something to Mrs. Johnson, because she is good at comprehending, remembering, and retaining. I wonder she could be so wicked as to let the first word she could speak, after choking, be a pun. I differ from you; and believe the pun was just coming up, but met with the crumbs, and so, struggling for the wall, could neither of them get by, and at last came both out together.

It is a pleasant thing to hear you talk of Mrs. Dingley's blunders, when she has sent me a list with above

a dozen of yours that have kept me alive, and I hope will do so till I have them again from the fountain-head. I desire Mrs. Johnson only to forbear punning after the Finglas rate when Dilly was at home. . . .

I tell you what; I wrote against the bill that was against occasional conformity; but it came too late by a day, so I would not print it. But you may answer it if you please; for you know you and I are Whig and Tory. And, to cool your insolence a little, know that the queen and court, and house of lords, and half the commons almost, are Whigs; and the number daily increases.

I desire my humble service to the primate, whom I have not written to, having not had opportunity to perform that business he employed me in; but shall soon, now the days are longer. . . .

TO THE SAME.

London, April 20, 1704.

YESTERDAY, coming from the country, I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjust: you say it was *unfriendly*, *unkind*, and *unaccountable*. The two first, I suppose, may pass but for one; saving (as Captain Fluellin says the phrase is) *a little variation*. I shall therefore answer those two as I can; and for the last, I return it you again by these presents, assuring you that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger than in mine's whole body. And one strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a mystical sort of way, as if you would have me believe I had some

great design, and that you had found it out: your phrases are, "that my letter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; and wish it may be in your power to love and value me while you live," etc. In answer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before that, if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present, and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you indeed that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother without the daughter's giving me leave, under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But, the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing

so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went so far both to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with an humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the ladies of Ireland I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs, and would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement; the reverse of which has been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to continue so. And what is the result? *En quels consevimus*

agros! I find nothing but the good words and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and mine will probably wear out before they can serve either my little hopes or their own ambition. Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a discontented courtier, and vent myself in study and speculation, till my own humour, or the scene here, shall change.

On the death of Temple in 1699, Swift accepted the post of chaplain to Lord Berkeley at Dublin Castle, an office he retained under the Duke of Ormond, with whom and his family he maintained a close friendship through life, and also under Lord Pembroke, whose devotion to punning found a ready support from the chaplain, whose jokes and "new Castilian language," the joint product of the Earl and Swift and Dilly Ashe, and other wits of Dublin, rendered the society at the Castle anything but formal. Of his residence in Lord Berkeley's household we possess some inimitable touches in the "Petition of Mrs. Francis Harris;" and we know how he imposed on Lady Berkeley with the "Meditation on a Broomstick." Swift obtained the vicarage of Laracor in the beginning of 1700, and afterwards was presented to a prebend at St. Patrick's Cathedral. His life from 1699 to 1710 was spent between Dublin Castle, Laracor, and London, where he was commissioned by the Archbishop of Dublin to negotiate with the ministry for the remission of the first-fruits and twentieth-parts to the Church of Ireland. Half of nearly every year was spent—very economically, at £30 a quarter,—in London, where his reputation as a wit, and as the acknowledged author of the "Contests in Athens and Rome," his first political publication, added to the suspicion that he was the author of the "Tale of a Tub" and the "Battle of the Books," which appeared for the first time in print in 1704, secured him a ready welcome at the clubs and coffee-houses. We can imagine the *noctes coenaeque deorum*, with Addison, Prior, Rowe, Congreve, and others, of which we read in his letters to his friend Colonel Hunter, the governor-elect of Virginia, and of which we have an interesting record in the jottings in Swift's memorandum books for 1705:—"Tav^m Addison

2s. 6d. Tavn Addison 1s. Tavn Addm 1s. 6d. Tavn Addisn 4s. 6d. Tavn Addisn 2s. 6d." His personal business in London was to obtain preferment. He was strongly supported for the bishopric of Waterford in the beginning of 1708, but a person peculiarly odious to him (to whom he makes sarcastic allusion in a letter to Walls below) was appointed; and there was also a proposal that he should go as First Secretary of Legation with Lord Berkeley to Vienna, but this mission was abandoned. He writes in jest to Hunter of accepting the see of Virginia, and a memorandum in 1708 runs—"In suspense I was all this year in England." When he went back to Ireland in 1709, he took with him a little volume of "Poésies Chrétiennes de Monsieur Jollivet," which he had begged from Lord Halifax, as "the only favour he had ever received from him or his party."

In Ireland he lived sometimes at Dublin, especially during his chaplaincy, and sometimes at Laracor. "A couple of miles from Trim, in a dull farming country at the northern extremity of East Meath, with a few huts around it, a parsonage house too dilapidated for decent residence, and a glebe of one acre, rose the old, plain, barn-like structure with its low belfry, in manifest neglect and decay. Swift's resolve was taken on the instant that it should not remain so; though with his narrow means he could proceed but slowly in the self-imposed duty of repair. The greater part of the first year's income was expended in making the vicarage tenantable; and gradually, through the next half-dozen years, extraordinary improvements were effected in the church and glebe. An extensive garden was laid out, having for its boundary a small stream, of which he so enlarged the current and smoothed the banks as to turn it into a canal, in the Dutch style that Moor Park had made pleasant to his memory; and along the pretty winding walk, formed by the side of it, he planted regular ranks of willows in double rows." We often hear of these willows and the stream in the "Journal to Stella," where Swift frequently writes how he longs to get back to his improvements at Laracor: "a scurvy acre of land," he calls it, but adds, "I always left it with regret." For neighbours, there were Joe Beaumont,—"the grey old fellow, poet Joe,"—Parvisol, Swift's steward and tithe-agent, Raymond, the impro-

vident vicar of Trim, and a few gentlepeople at a distance; and he himself describes his congregation as numbering "at least fifteen people, most of them gentle and all simple."

During these ten years Stella remained generally in Ireland, except for two visits to London in 1705 and the winter of 1707-8, when Swift first made the acquaintance of Hester Vanhomrigh. For the rest of the time Stella lived at the vicarage of Laracor while Swift was absent, and removed to Trim when he returned; or else she and Mrs. Dingley lodged in Dublin, and enjoyed the Friday club and ombre, to which frequent allusion is made later on in the "Journal."

The correspondence during this period consists chiefly of letters to Archbishop King, on the political changes of the time, and on the ups and downs of the negotiations for the remission of the first-fruits, which was constantly being promised and as constantly deferred: eventually it was granted under Harley's ministry. The somewhat formal character of these letters render them uninteresting except to students of political history. One example is given below, together with two letters to Colonel Hunter with the news of the town, an amusing letter from Laracor to Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, and another to Archdeacon Walls, of Dublin, full of the Castle puns, published in part by Mr. Forster, and now completed from the MS. with Mr. John Murray's permission.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, January 6, 1708-9.

MY LORD,—Before I received the honour of your grace's of Nov. 20, I had sent one enclosed, etc., with what account I could of affairs. Since that time the measures are altered of dissolving your parliament, which, doubtless, is their wisest course, for certain obvious reasons that your grace will easily apprehend; and I suppose you have now received directions about proroguing it, for I saw the order some days ago. I should have acknowledged your grace's letter, if I had

not been ever since persecuted with a cruel distemper of giddiness in my head, that would not suffer me to write or think of anything, and of which I am now slowly recovering. I sent you word of the affair of the first-fruits being performed, which my lord Pembroke had the goodness to send me immediate notice of. I seldom see his lordship now, but when he pleases to command me; for he sees nobody in public, and is very full of business. I fancy your grace will think it necessary that in due time his lordship should receive some kind of thanks in form. I have a fair pretence to merit in this matter, although, in my own conscience, I think I have very *little*, except my good wishes, and frequent reminding my lord Pembroke. But two great men in office, giving me joy of it, very frankly told me, "that if I had not smoothed the way, by giving them and the rest of the ministry a good opinion of the justice of the thing, it would have met with opposition;" upon which I only remarked what I have always observed in courts, that when a favour is done there is no want of persons to challenge obligations. Meantime, I am in a pretty condition, who have bills of merit given me, that I must thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honestly offer them in payment. I suppose the clergy will, in due time, send the queen an address of thanks for her favour.

I very much applaud your grace's "sanguine temper," as you call it, and your comparison of religion to paternal affection; but the world is divided into two sects, those that hope the best, and those that fear the worst; your grace is of the former, which is the wiser, the nobler, and the most pious principle; and although I endeavour to avoid being of the other, yet

upon this article I have sometimes strange weaknesses. I compare true religion to learning and civility, which have ever been in the world, but very often shifted their scenes; sometimes entirely leaving whole countries where they have long flourished, and removing to others that were before barbarous; which has been the case of Christianity itself, particularly in many parts of Africa; and how far the wickedness of a nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict so great a judgment is terrible to think. But as great princes, when they have subdued all about them, presently have universal monarchy in their thoughts; so your grace, having conquered all the corruptions in a diocese, and then pursued your victories over a province, would fain go further and save a whole kingdom, and would never be quiet, if you could have your will, until you had converted the world.

And this reminds me of a pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a letter hither from Ireland, against repealing the test, wherein your grace's character is justly set forth: for the rest, some parts are very well, and others puerile, and some facts, as I am informed, wrong represented. The author has gone out of his way to reflect on me as a person likely to write for repealing the test, which I am sure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am used like a sober man with a drunken face, have the scandal of the vice without the satisfaction. I have told the ministry, with great frankness, my opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unless such changes should happen as I could not foresee; and they all believe I differ from them in that point.

Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things. I spoke to him with great plainness upon the subject of the test; and he says he is confident my lord Wharton will not attempt it if he finds the bent of the nation against it.—I will say nothing further of his character to your grace at present, because he has half persuaded me to have some thoughts of returning to Ireland, and then it will be time enough: but if that happens otherwise, I presume to recommend him to your grace as a person you will think worth your acquaintance.

My lord Berkeley begins to drop his thoughts of going to Vienna; and indeed I freely gave my opinion against such a journey for one of his age and infirmities. And I shall hardly think of going secretary without him, although the emperor's ministers here think I will, and have writ to Vienna. I agree with your grace that such a design was a little too late at my years; but, considering myself wholly useless in Ireland, and in a parish with an audience of half a score, and it being thought necessary that the queen should have a secretary at that court, my friends telling me it would not be difficult to compass it, I was a little tempted to pass some time abroad, until my friends would make me a little easier in my fortunes at home. Besides, I had hopes of being sent in time to some other court, and in the mean while the pay would be forty shillings a-day, and the advantage of living, if I pleased, in lord Berkeley's family. But, I believe, this is now all at an end. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant.

À MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER, GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS À PARIS.

London, January 12, 1708-9.

SIR,—I know no people so ill used by your men of business as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addison had received the letter you were pleased to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and, after ten days further of grace, thought fit to give it me; so you know where to fix the whole blame that it was no sooner acknowledged. 'Tis a delicate expedient you prisoners have, of diverting yourselves in an enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am considering whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet by writing some dark matter that may give the French court a jealousy of you. I suppose Monsieur Chamillard or some of his commissaries must have this letter interpreted to them before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them that, if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le colonel* Hunter. I would advise you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love; because I have a scruple whether you can keep your parole if you become a prisoner to the ladies; at least it will be scandalous for a free Briton to drag two chains at once. I presume you have the liberty of Paris and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see Versailles, and every place else, except St. Germain. I

hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier Hunter, le plus honnête garçon du monde.* Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a lance against his breastplate? Do you know the wounds you have given when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies with

> —Stetimus tela aspera contra,
> Contulimusque manus?

Vous savez que Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon ami, est fait secrétaire d'état d'Irelande; and unless you make haste over and get me my Virginian bishopric, he will persuade me to go with him, for the Vienna project is off; which is a great disappointment to the design I had of displaying my politics at the emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. Crowder is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people; and Frowde is *rêveur à peindre.* Mr. Addison and I often drink your health, and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of yours, who is both a *bel esprit* and a woollendraper. The Whigs carry all before them, and how far they will pursue their victories we underrate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the Tories' noses; their number is not to be learned by telling of noses, for every Tory has not a nose.

'Tis a loss you are not here to partake of three weeks' frost, and eat gingerbread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs. Floyd looked out with both

her eyes, and we had one day's thaw: but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever.

As for the convocation, the queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expense of Dr. Atterbury's displeasure, who was designed their prolocutor, and is now raving at the disappointment.

I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you; who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more. You know, I believe, that poor Dr. Gregory is dead, and Keil solicits to be his successor; but party reaches even to lines and circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies. We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new castrato from Italy, called Nicolini, who exceeds Valentini, I know not how many bars' length. Lords Somers and Halifax are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament time. Lord Dorset is nobody's favourite but yours and Mr. Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him; which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. . . .

À MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER, GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS À PARIS.

London, March 22, 1708-9.

SIR,— . . . I hear your good sister, the queen of Pomunki, waits with impatience till you are restored to your dominions; and that your rogue of a viceroy re-

turns money fast to England, against the time he must retire from his government. Meantime Philips writes verses in a sledge, upon the frozen sea, and transmits them hither to thrive in our warmer clime under the shelter of my lord Dorset. I could send you a great deal of news from the *Respublica Grubstreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, though I have been of late but a small contributor. A cargo of splinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately shipwrecked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuosi. Mrs. Long and I are fallen out; I shall not trouble you with the cause, but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs. Barton is still in my good graces; I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will send you word. There it is now, you think I am in jest; but I assure you, the best intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies, for the ministers never tell me anything; and Mr. Addison is nine times more secret to me than anybody else, because I have the happiness to be thought his friend. The company at St. James's coffeehouse is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The beauties you left are all gone off this frost, and we have got a new set for spring, of which Mrs. Chetwind and Mrs. Worsley are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year; but I design to set up a party among the wits to run them down by next winter, if true English caprice does not interpose to save us the labour. Mademoiselle Spanheim is going to marry my lord Fitzharding, at least I have heard so; and if you find it otherwise at your return, the consequences may possibly be survived; however, you may tell it

the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleasure to read a lie of my own sending. I suppose you have heard that the town has lost an old duke and recovered a mad duchess. The duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the first opportunity, and we are all of opinion it will be his wisest course to do so. Now the way to be prodigiously witty would be by keeping you in suspense, and not letting you know that this enemy is nothing but the north-east wind, which stops his voyage to Holland. This letter, going in Mr. Addison's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I shall go for Ireland some time in summer, being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here; so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishopric of Virginia: in the mean time, I hold fast my claim to your promise of corresponding with me, and that you will hence-forward address your letters for me, at Mr. Steele's office, at the Cockpit, who has promised his care in conveying them. Mr. Domvil is now at Geneva, and sends me word he is become a convert to the Whigs, by observing the good and ill effects of freedom and slavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. Addison, with whom I have fifty times drunk your health since you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at present lengthen my letter no further; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or not till he gets to Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde;*

for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on business must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Jan. 22, 1707-8.

I HAVE received your three letters, though I have not had the manners to answer any of them sooner. By manners we here mean leisure, but you Irish folks must have things explained to you. I thank you heartily for the care, and kindness, and good intentions of your intelligence, and I once had a glimpse that things would have gone otherwise. But now I must retire to my morals, and pretend to be wholly without ambition, and to resign with patience. You know by this time who is the happy man; a very worthy person, and I doubt not but the whole kingdom will be pleased with the choice. He will prove an ornament to the order, and a public blessing to the church and nation; and after this if you will not allow me to be a good courtier, I will pretend to it no more. But let us talk no further on this subject; I am stomach-sick of it already: the rest when we meet.

I am glad the punning trade goes on. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been at his country-house this fortnight. And he has neither influence nor effluence from thence to London, else perhaps things would not have gone as they did. Pray, is your Dorothy, as you call her, any kin to Dr. Thindoll (you know h is no letter)? She should have called it Mrs. Catherine Logg, not Katty Log: that leaves nothing to guess. Tell her a pun of mine: I saw a fellow about a week ago hawking

in the Court of Requests with a parrot upon his fist to sell! Yesterday I met him again, and said to him: How now, friend, I see that parrot sticks upon your hand still? When you had done with the Dean's book, I believe you were very glad of your liber-ty. Your catalogue puts me in mind of another pun I made t'other day. A gentleman was mightily afraid of a cat: I told him it was a sign he was pus-illanimous; and, Lady Berkeley talking to her cat, my lord said she was very impertinent; but I defended her, and said I thought her ladyship spoke very much to the poor-pus. Do you call Dorothy's puns a spurious race, . . . because they turn your stomach? If you do not like them, let the race be to the Swift, and I am content to father them all, as you direct me. Tell her I thought she had been a New-man, but I find she is the old woman still. The ladies of St. Mary's are well, and talk of going to Ireland in spring. But Mrs. Johnson cannot make a pun, if she might have the weight of it in gold. They desire me to give you their service when I writ. As for politics, I know little worth writing. The parliament is this year prodigiously slow, and the preparations for war much slower, so that we expect but a moderate campaign, and people begin to be heartily weary of the war. Pray give my humble service to the Dean of St. Patrick's. I writ to him lately once or twice. I hope he has received my letters. I give no service to Mrs. Walls, because I write this to you both. Pray send me an account of some smaller vacancy than a bishopric in the government's gift.

TO DEAN STERNE.

WITH A PROXY FOR HIS APPEARANCE AS PREBENDARY OF DUNLAVAN AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISITATION.

Laracor, April 17, 1710.

SIR,—You have put me under the necessity of writing you a very scurvy letter, and in a very scurvy manner. It is the want of horses, and not of inclination that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter. But I would do it on foot to see you visit in your own right; but if I must be visited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies of St. Mary's delivered me your commands; but Mrs. Johnson had dropped half of them by the shaking of her horse. I have made a shift, by the assistance of two civilians and a book of precedents, to send you the jargon annexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary who will have the charity to answer for me. Those words, *gravi incommodo*, are to be translated, the want of a horse. In a few days I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the fleshpots of Cavan-street. I advise them, since they have given up their title and lodgings of St. Mary, to buy each of them a palfrey, and take a squire and seek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the frosty weather for spoiling my poor half-dozen of blossoms. *Spes anni collapsa ruit*: whether these words be mine or Virgil's, I cannot determine. I am this minute very busy, being to preach to-day before an audience of at least fifteen people, most of them gentle, and all simple.

I can send you no news: only the employment of my parishioners may, for memory-sake, be reduced under these heads: Mr. Percival is ditching; Mrs.

Percival in her kitchen ; Mr. Wesley switching ; Mrs. Wesley stitching ; sir Arthur Langford *riching*, which is a new word for heaping up riches. . . . Well, sir, long may you live the hospitable owner of good bits, good books, and good buildings. The bishop of Clogher would envy me for these three *bes*.

II. THE JOURNAL TO STELLA

1710—1713

II. THE JOURNAL TO STELLA

ÆT. 42—45.

FROM September, 1710, to June, 1713, Swift was in England, and chiefly in London, engaged in the fierce fight of politics: it was now that he wrote the series of "Examiners," the biting satires, the telling broadsides, the elaborate and convincing pamphlets, that told so severely upon Marlborough and the War Party, and rendered the Peace of Utrecht palatable to the nation. During these years of vigorous pamphleteering we shall use few letters to illustrate the life of the writer. There are many; but we shall not require them. The most perfect picture that can be demanded is found in that wonderful "Journal to Stella," in which Swift "set down day by day the incidents of three momentous years; which received every hope, fear, or fancy in its undress as it rose to him; which was written for one person's private pleasure, and has had indestructible attractiveness for everyone since; which has no parallel in literature for the historic importance of the men and the events that move along its pages, or the homely vividness of the language that describes them; and of which the loves, the hates, the joys and griefs, the expectations and disappointments, the great and little in closest neighbourhood, the alternating tenderness and bitterness, and, above all, the sense and nonsense in marvellous mixture and profusion, remain a perfect microcosm of human life."

The picture of Swift's life during the three eventful

years of the Harley administration as presented even in the following extracts, which form but a tenth part of the whole journal, is so complete that further description is superfluous. As a record of the writer's thoughts and deeds, the "Journal" is unrivalled. We may wish that Swift had gone a step further, and instead of contenting himself with chronicling his own and other people's matter-of-fact doings, had made the great personages of the day live in his pages. As it is, their names are ever recurring, but we leave them with a very superficial conception of their characters, manners, or appearance. As our present object is Swift, and not Harley or Bolingbroke or Mrs. Masham, this is not of great account; but it is impossible to exaggerate the added value which would have attached to the journal if it had been as detailed with regard to others as it is with respect to the writer himself.

The later extracts have been collated with the original MS. letters preserved by a happy fate in the British Museum, and in these the "little language" has been restored which the editors in a freak of literary prudery expunged. Thus, the letters Pdfr (Swift), MD (generally Stella, but sometimes including the inevitable Mrs. Dingley, who played propriety to this singular connection), DD (Mrs. Dingley alone), etc., have been replaced, instead of the Presto and other permutations, or total omissions, of the editors. No attempt, however, has been made to restore the original forms in those earlier letters,—two-thirds unfortunately of the whole,—which have disappeared. Such restorations from mere analogy would be more dangerous than useful. Dots indicate omissions in the diary of the same day as the extract they terminate. The omission of whole days of the journal is sufficiently marked by the dates, since the journal was, as a rule, written every day. Names of months and other headings are in brackets when transferred from an earlier omitted part of the diary.

London, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1710.

LETTER II. I got here last Thursday after five days' travelling; weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am

now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, etc. But my lord treasurer received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady Giffard is much at court, and lady Wharton was ridiculing it the other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother some other way. I writ to the bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the archbishop of Dublin. Every thing is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Everybody asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor, with more satisfaction than ever I did in my life. The Tatler expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas: in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write

something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal: and when it is full I will send it, whether MD writes or not; and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I grow fatter, and look better; and on Monday Jervas is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. . . .

LETTER V. *Sept.* 30, 1710. Have not I brought myself into a fine *premunire* to begin writing letters in whole sheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to-day, at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis, who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather I do understand them.

[*Oct.*] 4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of

lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, etc. And to-day I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday, at four afternoon, when I will open my business to him. . . .

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning, fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you: and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs.—*At night.* Jack Howe told Harley that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence; which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law lord Doblane (or some such name), and his own son, and among others Will Penn the Quaker: we sat two hours, drinking as good wine as you do; and two

hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said everything I could wish; told me he must bring Mr. St. John, (secretary of state,) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that!). I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's coffeehouse in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you, you must know, it is fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke to give him a ballad and dine with him, but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for tenpence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be, and have not used the expression of "*you in* Ireland" and "*we in* England," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. They may talk of the *you know*

what; but, gad, if it had not been for that I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the Church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice; though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said that was not a place for friends to come to. It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick; I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write; yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth. . . .

[LETTER VII. *Oct.*] 13. O Lord! here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr. Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and lord Galway one. These letters of mine

are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good: but I do not care twopence whether it be or no.—*At night.* To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me: unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison, a pretty little fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea,* about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night; I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and

am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four. Sir Richard Onslow, we hear, has lost for Surrey; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the Tatler, and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows: "Is the devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710." I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, etc.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper, or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord! I dreamed of Stella, etc., so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean Bolton and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—*At night.* Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park: and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from the bishop

of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over: what shall I do? my fingers itch; and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment. I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, it is from sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton; she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: 'I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's office at the Castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley Castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady! Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. . . . Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business! revolutions—to me in my business! if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to

dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. . . .

[LETTER VIII. *Nov.*] 8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day, with Addison, Vanbrugh, admiral Wager, sir Richard Temple, Methuen, etc. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire, O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fireplace in my bedchamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap, madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you write too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which *wiggs*, and what do you mean? . . .

LETTER IX. *Nov.* 11. I dined to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind,

that writ lord Peterborough's actions in Spain. I stayed with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said: "The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither." But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall and frequents St. James's coffeehouse and the chocolate-houses; and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. . . .

[LETTER X. *Nov.*] 30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffeehouse till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however

I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles. Why,—I say, I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within; that is by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday that Smyth, of the Blind Quay, had been telling Mr. Leigh that he left you extremely ill; and, in short, spoke so that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as "your most humble cum-dumble," or etc. O Lord! does Patrick write word of my not coming till spring? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my lord mayor said, "No; if I thought my shirt knew," etc. Faith, I will come as soon as it is in any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret). As soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer; for I hope the first-fruit

business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, etc. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor? why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot. . . .

December 1. *Morning.* I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order. . . .

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night; whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one,

> Be you lords, or be you earls,
> You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to

pick up a dinner, as I did with sir John Stanley; and then we went to visit lord Mountjoy, and just now left him; and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date; and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, etc.,

Two sides in a sheet,
And one in a street.

I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too.

[LETTER XI. *Dec.*] 13. *Morning.* I am to go trapesing with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. . . . Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How *nowww?* so, very well; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps, you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I would have you send for Walls, and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player; but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong trumps, against you, which, with one trump more, are three

tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio—O, silly, how I prate and cannot get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs.—*At night.* Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan, and I, in one coach; lady Kerry's son and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord Shelburne's children), in a third, all hackneys; set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord Shelburne's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, etc.; then to Bedlam; then dined at the chophouse behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College (but the keeper was not at home), and concluded the night at the puppet show, whence we came home safe at night, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undressed; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning, fresh and fasting? who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings. O then you kept Presto's little birthday; would to God I had been

with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. *Rediculous*, madam? I suppose you mean ridiculous: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atalantis' spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella. It is well enough what you observed, that if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so, and so. . . . No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: prithee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you I would whip you to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jonsonibus; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them I would do it no more. This is a secret though, madam Stella. You win eight shillings! you win eight fiddlesticks.

Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women. . . . Now, mistress Dingley, are not you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself that you had so lately two letters in four days? unreasonable baggage! No, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the first-fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, etc.. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But, what now, you saucy sluts? all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray, good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the mornings, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs; I will rise. . . .

[LETTER XII. *Dec.*] 31. *Morning.* It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed in my bedchamber. It is not shaving day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. St. John, and tomorrow I will answer our MD's letter.

Would you answer MD's letter,
On New-year's day you will do it better;
For when the year with MD 'gins,
It without MD never lins.

(These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leave off.)

But if on New-year you write nones,
MD then will bang your bones.—

But Patrick says I must rise.—*Night.* I was early this morning with secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD. Well, but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world, and that everybody snatched them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed,

Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

Jan. 1 [1710-11]. . . . Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teases me; how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did. * * * * * * * * * See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord Herbert bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses, nor Religion, nor do I send him of late any hints at all. Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought, through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within. And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do. . . .

[LETTER XIII. *Jan.*] 4. I was going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th with my own fair

hands into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer. I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got into bed; and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the first-fruits, and I told him lord Peterborough was set out for his journey to Vienna: but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, etc. So I writ to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest Overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to

have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake; and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. . . .

6. *Morning.* I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley; it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird; where you put him there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it. It is very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so. . . .

[LETTER XIV. *Jan.*] 16. O faith, young women, I have sent my letter N°. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there is for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry, faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St. James's coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest

MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly. . . .

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit: the company stayed, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it, and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself,

not by name, but against something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately. And indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you! fie, Stella, are not you ashamed! well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, *noooo*. Kiss and be friends, sirrah. Come, let me go sleep. I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledear saucyinsolentrogues.

21. *Morning.* It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes, sir. Then I will rise: come, take away the candle. You must know, I write on the dark side of my bedchamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise; and, Patrick, here, take away the candle.—*At night.* We are now here in high frost and snow; the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

Walk fast in snow,
In frost walk slow,
And still as you go,
Tread on your toe:
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather.

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn; but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. *Morning.* Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth. Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth? etc. O faith, I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs. . . .

[LETTER XVI. *Feb.*] 14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's birthday, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning, lord Shelburne, lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for, till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke died suddenly two or three nights ago: he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ farther than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so

well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

21. *Morning.* Faith, I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking. I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith, it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. . . .

[LETTER XVIII. *March*] 7. *Morning.* Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on Saturday; and do not think I will fill the third side, I am not come to that yet, young women. . . . Yes, I understand your cipher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He gave me *al bsadnuk*

lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad, which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? . . . I do not go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen. In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the first of November was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we will have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and *zoo must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.—At night.* Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account

of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the Council. I was playing lady Catherine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr. secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

[LETTER XX. *April*] 21. *Morning.* Lord keeper, and I, and Prior, and sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say

you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise in spite of your little teeth; good morrow.—*At night.* O faith, you are little dear sauceboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after, Mr. Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St. James's coffeehouse; for I go to no coffeehouse at all. And faith I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, lord keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb:

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miss your glass when you can;
And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? What cares Presto?

[LETTER XXII. *Chelsea, May*] 4. I dined to-day at lord Shelburne's, where lady Kerry made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather etc. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD; you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffeehouse, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how, and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a

hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics, how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday club, lord keeper, lord Rivers, Mr. secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. secretary went away; but I stayed till nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story: and I showed him the archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour....

[LETTER XXIII. *Chelsea, May*] 15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls' tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be

laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and, I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's Green, and thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD goes as well as Presto. Everybody tells me I look better already; for, faith, I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything.

[23.] . . . O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through if I could do it with decency or honour. To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little: and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this. . . .

[LETTER XXIV. *Chelsea, June*] 4. When must we answer this letter, this N°. 15 of our little MD? Heat, and laziness, and sir Andrew Fountaine, made me dine to-day again at Mrs. Van's; and, in short, this weather

'is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls, and if lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you: and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went hence early to town, and visited the duke of Ormond and Mr. secretary. They say my lord treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment; and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the Treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levee yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather. I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my night gown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap. So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted.—I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived the napkin fell of and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. *Morning.* This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrow.—*At night.* I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady Betty Germain, and there was the young earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for. After dinner Mr. Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but said my lord Dorchester got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady Weymouth a visit, with some more beldames; then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord Pembroke, and designed to go to lord treasurer; but it was too late, and besides I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady Betty Butler at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at

the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

[LETTER XXV. *Chelsea, June*] 30. . . . Now, madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you ride every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll un-Parvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are; Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's riband to tie about her? reach me my mask: sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop: sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says it is not.—

No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told: but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London.—O, madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles? faith, you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith, you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town.—Faith, that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here, have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples; which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern.—Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.—We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he

was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. I am to dine to-day with Dilly, at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late; and I have not seen that lord Peterborough yet. The duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together! I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me, and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a

disease I was not born to. Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are well:

Little wealth,
And much health,
And a life by stealth;

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

[LETTER XXVII. *July*] 28. *Morning.* Mr. secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine nowhere; and I promised lord treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two.—*Windsor, at night.* We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said he stayed an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the Castle. Do you think, that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging·

before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord treasurer's servants gave me a letter from * * * * *, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary: we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborough. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord treasurer told at court what I said to Mr. secretary on this occasion. The secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine

with him. Poh, said I, show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted: I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr. secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was en-

deavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under-secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, etc.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of Shrewsbury asked him, was not that Dr., Dr., and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr. *Presto*, which is Italian for swift. Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Buckleberry, twenty-five miles hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. . . .

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a-year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written;

and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to court, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court, but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green cloth, by Mr. Scarborough's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

[LETTER XXVIII. *Aug.* 24.] . . . the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer,

adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his lights to the ministry; assuring me that a word of mine would, etc. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned; I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain?—and Sacheverell will be the next bishop? he would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a-year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for ought I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him,

and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not; but my lord keeper owned it to me t'other day. . . .

[LETTER XXIX. *Sept.*] 8. *Morning.* I go to Windsor with lord treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, N°. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy and the river Slainy; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's? you scambling, scattering, sluttikin: *Yes, mighty like indeed, is it not?* Pisshh! don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that *ombra* which Dr. Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card-purse! you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight-shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What, you are afraid

of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the bishop of Raphoe, an old, doting, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So Dr. Elwood says there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse, out of roguery.—No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old *scrawling, splay-foot, pot-hooks, s, f,* ay, that's it: there's the s, f, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, etc.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving day, and I have much to do. . . .

[LETTER XXXI. *Oct.*] 3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses, but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the music meeting, where I had been often

desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff, and stole out so privately that every body saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swingeing cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

[LETTER XXXII. *London, Oct.*] 10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a newspaper called the Protestant Post-Boy has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, etc. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

[LETTER XXXIII. *Nov.*] 3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal: I stuffed the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much

pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. . . . I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out? . . . I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in a way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have, I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands with the queen and lord treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of Dublin, bishop of Cloyne, and of Clogher, together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his. Fig for your physician and his advice, madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise. Your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all

my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved. I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is An Account of Guiscard, by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then An Answer to the Letter to the Lords about Gregg by Presto; Prior's Journey by Presto; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough entirely by the same woman; Comment on Hare's Sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate without sugar for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John, for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto

can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling:* you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, etc. etc.

[LETTER XXXIV. *Nov.*] 9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, Goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet everywhere with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold: I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate, for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me my caps are wearing out; I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely; I am as helpless as an elephant. . . .

[10.] . . . I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned

up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bedchamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire; I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting: and now everybody has colds. Here's a clutter; I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

[LETTER XXXVI. *Dec.*] 9. I was this morning with Mr. secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes that, sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord treasurer, that as soon as he finds the

change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, etc.; but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon; and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace; which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'ennight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. I was to-night drinking

very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future: 'tis late, etc.

15. *Morning.* They say the Occasional Bill is brought to-day into the House of Lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, etc.

[LETTER XXXVII. *Dec.* 29.] *Saturday night.* I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords, to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is lord treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffeehouse. Three of the new lords are of our society.

[LETTER XXXVIII. *Dec.*] 30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bedchamber talking to lord

Rochester, he went up to lady Burlington, who asked him who I was; and lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired lord Rochester to tell lady Sunderland I doubted she was not as much in love with me, as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company; and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie, for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

[LETTER XLII. *Feb.*] 26. I was again busy with the secretary, giving help promised, iss oo Ppt, and we read over some papers, and did a good deal of business; and I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now

nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, etc.; which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes out in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upward; first I saw the duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sat with the duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her; but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Night, my dear little rogues.

29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead; I do not think he was poisoned: between you and me, all those are but idle stories: it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places passed the House of Commons, and will pass the House

of Lords, in spite of the ministry; which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince; but I think things are not settled enough for it at present: and the court may want a majority at a pinch. Nite, deelest logues. Rove Pdfr.

[*March*] 5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks, . . . I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge. . . .

LETTER XLVIII. *Kensington, June* 17, 1712. I have been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel constant pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat back as usual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat; then to Mort-

lake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a year.

LETTER LV. *London, Nov.* 15, 1712. Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that has almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that duke Hamilton had fought with lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in St. James's square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning: the dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and while the duke was over him, Mohun shortening his sword stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the cake-house by the ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of lord Mohun's stabbed duke Hamilton; and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge.

I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her for two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any body to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have moved her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears. . . .

LETTER LVI. *December* 12, 1712. Here is now a stlange ting: a rattle from MD unanswered: never was before. I am slower, and MD is faster: but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pay now? Is it so hard for DD to prove that she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will resume my journal method next time. I find it is easy, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at furthest. O Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now, with a wannion. . . . Hot a stir is here about

your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt. I keep no company at all, nor have I any desire to keep any. . . . My only debauching is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord treasurer, the duke of Ormond, and lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and lady Masham and lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. 'Tis impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well zen, you are now returned to ombre and the dean, and Christmas; I wish oo a very merry one; and pray don't lose oo moneys, nor play upon Watt Welsh's game. Nite, sollahs, 'tis rate. I'll go to seep. I don't seep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner; but I am very seepy in a morning. This is the effect of time and years. Nite, deelist MD.

[LETTER LVII. *Dec.*] 27. I dined to-day with general Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of the company, and some others, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for

I have left off loving play myself: and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terrible dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know that I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendation. And I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has: yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sollah Ppt, and dress the wine and olange, sollah MD, and I'll go seep. 'Tis rate. Nite, MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper; and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned lady Oxford up to my lord, and I staid with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady Caermarthen, and lord and lady Dupplin, and lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often;

stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor lord treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman. . My cold is still so bad, that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Night, MD.

[*Jan.* 3, 1712-13.] I am just now told that poor dear lady Ashburnham, the duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him, now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

[LETTER LVIII. *Jan.* 5.] . . . I was to see the poor duke and duchess of Ormond this morning. The duke was in his public room with Mr. Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him he talked something of lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just

falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Night, dearest MD.

[9.] . . . I dined with lord treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord Rivers, lord keeper, and lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesea, lord steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Nite, MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord treasurer's, a servant said lord Peterborough was at the door. Lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. Soon as he saw me, he left the duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did the last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood; and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death: but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has

more spirits than any young fellow I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a Garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Nite, dear MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of mourning visits. I went to the duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and lady Betty, and lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Caesar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, "Mr. *Caesar*, I beg your pardon." So we laughed, etc. Nite, my own deelest richar logues, MD.

[LETTER LIX. *Jan.*] 31. Harrison was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it, but he whispered me it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me he had.

not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the queen's minister entrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid him, while he was with me, seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the duke of Ormond and several lords at court; and I contrived it so that lord treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. . . .

[*Feb.*] 13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill, and I am very much afflicted for him, for he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am in much concern for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Nite, Ppt, nite deelogues, Nite.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock [at the] door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour

before. Think what grief this to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord treasurer, nor anywhere; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor Ppt, poo MD. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

[LETTER LXII. *April* 3. I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht, that the peace is signed by all the ministers there but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sat with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began lord Somers' health, which went about; but I bid him not name lord Wh[arton]'s, for I would not pledge it, and I told lord Bolingbroke frankly that Addison loved lord Wh[arton] as little as I did: so we laughed, etc. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the trimmer, are not you? As for DD, I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and DD the greater Whig of the two! It is late. Nite, MD.

[LETTER LXIII. *April*] 13. This morning my friend Mr. Lewis came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell lord treasurer, that I took nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon, lord treasurer, hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it. Stay I will not; and so I believe for all . . . see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine: and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world. Hat care I? Nite, deelest logues. Nite, MD.

16. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked

to the queen and lord treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, etc. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor and to lord Berkeley of Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me that the duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen; and she was content that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came lord treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied, but that I must be prebend of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that if I had my choice I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham says she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow. Nite, own dee MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word that lord treasurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the queen was at last resolved that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Nite, MD.

[23.] . . . I hope to be over in a month, and that MD with their raillery will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer oor rattle soon; but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? if it be, overplus shall be divided between MD and FW, besides usual allowance of MD dee rogues. Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me: but they say here it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. Nite, dee dee sollahs.

LETTER LXV. *Chester, June* 6, 1713. I am come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, faith! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary, yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am. 'Tis good for my health, marm. When I came here, I found MD's letter of the 26th of May, sent down to me. Had you writ a post sooner, I might have brought some pins: but you were lazy, and would not write your orders immediately as I desired you. I will come, when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead. I cannot ride faster, say hat oo will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would

fain scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths; otherwise I must wait to a quarter sessions. I will lodge as I can, therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. . . .

The following seven letters will supplement the record of Swift's political career in England. The first is to Archbishop King, for whom Swift had obtained the remission of the first-fruits, and is interesting for its character of Harley,—a judgment that must cause surprise to those who survey the Tory minister in the perspective of history, but which undoubtedly expresses Swift's opinion of his friend. When Swift once took a man to his heart no critic could be more indulgent. The second is his letter to Harley on the death of his daughter, in which something of the professional formality of the Dean makes itself felt, but more of the real sympathy of the friend. The third is Swift's farewell to the position he had so long held of chief adviser to the ministry: in it the affection for the man Harley overcomes any rancour there might have been for the statesman Oxford, and the tone is both dignified and respectful. The Dean had returned to London and politics in September, after his installation at St. Patrick's. The ministers were going from bad to worse, and Swift was urgently summoned back to town in the forlorn hope that he might be able to adjust the differences that had arisen between Oxford and Bolingbroke and threatened the collapse of the Tory party. Swift tried his best for nine months to restore union between the two leaders, but finding all efforts vain, and foreseeing the fall of the ministry, he relinquished further attempts, and retired in despair to the quiet vicarage of Letcombe in Berkshire. This was in May, 1714, and the life he led in this retreat is described in the letter he wrote to Vanessa (see p. 150) in the following month. He chafed at the monotony of country routine, while he professed himself sick of politics. From Letcombe he wrote

on June 11th to his friend Archdeacon Walls (Mr. Murray's MS.), "I am now retired into the country, weary to death of courts and ministers, and business and politics. . . . I was six weeks compassing the great work of leaving London, and did it at last abruptly enough: but go I would; the reasons I may live to tell you, or perhaps you will guess them by their effects before I see you. I shall say no more, but that I care not to live in storms, when I can no longer do service in the ship, and am able to get out of it. I have gone through my share of malice and danger, and will be as quiet the rest of my days as I can. So much for politics." He had discovered to his cost that the "familiarity of great ministers" was "well enough while it continued a vanity; but as soon as it ceased to be a vanity, it began to be a vexation of spirit." From Letcombe he wrote his farewell to the ministry, and also the fourth and fifth letters of the following selection, addressed to Arbuthnot (the latter preserved in the Forster Collection, and not hitherto included in the editions of Swift's letters), which show that the projected memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus were not forgotten in the depths of his political dejection. The sixth letter, to Bolingbroke, written after the Queen's death on August 1st, and the consequent fall of Bolingbroke's short-lived administration, gives a clear and honest account of the causes of the shipwreck of the party, with much manly counsel for the future. Finally, no selection from Swift's correspondence could omit the famous letter to Pope, in which the Dean of St. Patrick's, in a sort of "Apologia pro vitâ suâ," expounds his principles, and discovers the causes of his actions during the late political struggle.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

August 26, 1711.

My Lord,—Perhaps you will be content to know some circumstances of affairs here. The duke of Somerset usually leaves Windsor on Saturday, when the ministers go down thither, and returns not till they are gone. On Saturday sevennight, contrary to custom,

he was at Windsor, and a cabinet council was to be held at night; but after waiting a long time, word was brought out that there would be no cabinet. Next day it was held, and then the duke went to a horse-race about three miles off. This began to be whispered; and at my return to town they had got it in the city; but not the reason; which was, that Mr. secretary St. John refused to sit if the duke was there. Last Sunday the duke was there again, but did not offer to come to the cabinet, which was held without him. I hear the duke was advised by his friends of the other party to take this step. The secretary said to some of his acquaintance that he would not sit with a man who had so often betrayed them, etc. You know the duchess of Somerset is a great favourite, and has got the duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue: and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary. They would have hindered her coming in; but the queen said, "If it were so that she could not have what servants she liked, she did not find how her condition was mended." I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of three great men, lord keeper, lord treasurer, and Mr. secretary; and so I have often told them together, between jest and earnest, and two of them separately with more seriousness. And I think they entirely love one another, as their differences are not of weight to break their union. They vary a little about their notions of a certain general. I will not say more at this distance. I do not see well how they can be without the secretary, who has very great abilities both for the cabinet and parliament. The Tories in the city are a little discontented that no

further changes are made in employments, of which I cannot learn the secret, although I have heard several, and from such who might tell the true one if they would: one is, that lord treasurer professes he is at a loss to find persons qualified for several places; another, (which is less believed,) that the queen interposes; a third, that it is a trimming disposition. I am apt to think that he finds the call for employments greater than he can answer if there were five times as many to dispose of; and I know particularly that he dislikes very much the notion of people, that every one is to be turned out. The treasurer is much the greatest minister I ever knew; regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the public. In private company he is wholly disengaged and very facetious, like one who has no business at all. He never wants a reserve upon any emergency which would appear desperate to others; and makes little use of those thousand projectors and schematists who are daily plying him with their visions, but to be thoroughly convinced, by the comparison, that his own notions are the best. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient, etc.

TO LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, THE MARCHIONESS OF CAERMARTHEN.

November 21, 1713.

MY LORD,—Your lordship is the person in the world to whom everybody ought to be silent upon

such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind: wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship: because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordship, who has lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which has lost such an example, have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament than perhaps was ever given by any private person before: for, my lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship that I never knew any one by many degrees

so happy in their domestics as you; and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees: from whence it is very obvious that your lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving your country from foreign and domestic ruin; you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any industry of your own; you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies by your courage and abilities, and, by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself upon this universal success: and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed, and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding in a better life that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your lordship any ease. I think it was an impulse upon me that I should say something: and whether I shall send you what I have written I am yet in doubt.

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

July 1, 1714.

My Lord,—When I was with you I have said more than once that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station; for in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow; for I have nothing to ask, at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: and then you would see whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments I will never write to you if I can help it otherwise than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged to you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great instance of your candour and justice I will carry to my grave; that, having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that and more; which, though

you, and somebody that shall be nameless, seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it; as one who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character; and lastly, as one whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having made your bow, I shrink back into the crowd.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

June 16, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,—My stomach is prouder than you imagine, and I scorned to write till I was writ to. I have already half lost the idea of courts and ministers. I dine between 12 and 1, and the whole house is a-bed by 10, and up at 6. I drink no wine and see but one dish of meat. I pay a guinea a week for dieting and lodging myself and man with an honest clergyman of my old acquaintance, and my paying is forced, for he has long invited me. I did not know till last night that the princess Sophia was dead, when my landlord and I chanced to pay a visit to a farmer in a neighbouring village, and was told so over a mug of ale, by a brisk young fellow, just come from London, who talked big and looked on us with great contempt. . . .

The fashion of this world passeth away: however I am angry at those who disperse us sooner than these may need. I have a mind to be very angry, and to let my anger break out in some manner that will not please them at the end of a pen. . . . You are a set of people drawn almost to the dregs: you must try another game; this is at an end. Your ministry is fourscore and ten years old and all you can endeavour at is an euthanasia, or rather it is in a deep consumption at five-and-twenty. . . . Writing to you much would make me stark mad. Judge his condition who has nothing to keep him from being miserable but endeavouring to forget those for whom he has the greatest value, love, and friendship. But you are a philosopher and a physician, and can overcome by your wisdom and your faculty those weaknesses which other men are forced to reduce by not thinking on them. Adieu, and love me half so well as I do you.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

July 3rd, 1714.

I RECKONED you would have held up for one letter, and so have given over; that is the usual way I treat my best absent friends when I am in London. Did I describe myself in a happy state here? Upon my faith you read wrong: I have no happiness but being so far out of the way of the Dragon and the rest. Lewis reproaches me as one who has still an itch to the court, only because I asked him how the *summa rerum* went: was not that unjust? and quotes upon me *quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?* I do assert that living near a court with some circumstances is a most happy life, and would be so still if the Dragon

did not spoil it. I find the triumvirate of honest councillors is at an end. I am gone; Lewis says he lives in ignorance in his castle, and you meddle as little as you can. One thing still lies upon you, which is to be a constant adviser to lady M[asham]. The game will of course be played into her hand. She has very good sense, but may be imposed upon. And I had a whisper that the Squire plies there again. 'Tis as you say, if the Dragon speaks kindly of Parnell he is gone. 'Tis the Ossoryes that get the Derryes, and the Chesters the Yorks.

To talk of Martin in any hands but yours is a folly. You every day give better hints than all of us together could do in a twelvemonth: and, to say the truth, Pope, who first thought of the hint, has no genius at all to it in my mind. Gay is too young; Parnell has some ideas of it, but is idle: I could put together and lard and strike out well enough, but all that relates to the sciences must be from you. I am a vexed unsettled vagabond, and my thoughts are turned to some papers I have, and some other things I would fain get from you and lady M[asham], and would have had from the Dragon, but that is impossible till he is out; and then I will go to him to Herefordshire and make him give me hints. I have got my History from secretary Bromley; and they shall never have it again, and it shall be an altered thing if I live.

The hints you mention relating to medicine are admirable. I wonder how you can have a mind so *dégagé* in a court where there are so many million of things to vex you. You must understand I have writ this post to the Dragon, but you must not take notice of it, nor I fancy will he, for what I writ is very odd

and serious. I think to go and ramble for a month about Herefordshire and those parts. Ask the Dragon whether he will order his people at his castle to receive me. Why do you not send your parliament a-grazing? What do you mean by your proclamation and £5,000. Till I hear reasons I dislike your politics. Why do I talk of it, say you? Why did that puppy Barber write it to me? But the Commons offer £100,000. If I was the Pretender I would come over myself and take the money to help to pay my troops. They had better put out a proclamation that whoever discovers the Pretender or the longitude shall have £100,000. This strain is a sacrifice to Hanover, the Whigs, and the Qu[een]'s state of health. It will neither satisfy Hanover, silence the Whigs, nor cure the gout. Give him a pension, and oblige him to live beyond the Alps. What's become of your project to make it high treason to bring over foreign troops? I wish a little care was taken for securing the kingdom, as well as the succession. But country politics are doubly insupportable, and so I have done and retire to lament with my neighbours the want of rain and dearness of hay. Farmer Tyler says the white mead at Chawdry has not been so bad in the memory of man, and the summer barley is quite dried up, but we hope to have a pretty good crop of wheat. Parson Hunsden, 'tis thought, must stick to his bargain, but all the neighbours say the attorney was an arrant rogue. We cannot get a bit of good butter for love or money. I could tell you more of the state of our affairs, but I doubt your taste is not refined enough for it.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 7, 1714.

My Lord,—I had yours of the 3rd; and our country post is so ordered that I could acknowledge it no sooner. It is true, my lord, the events of five days last week might furnish morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to resign at the end of the session. I said the same thing often to your lordship and my lady Masham, although you seemed to think otherwise, for some reasons; and said so to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my lord chancellor. But I remember one of the last nights I saw him, (it was at lady Masham's lodgings,) I said to him "that upon the foot your lordship and he then were it was impossible you could serve together two months;" and I think I was just a week out in my calculation. I am only sorry that it was not a resignation rather than a removal, because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his lordship and you gave me such a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one), that I resolved to preserve it entire, however you differed between yourselves, and in this I did for some time follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you than to my own conduct, that, having been for two years almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less for that of a minister of state; but thus

much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet I durst forfeit my head that, if the case were mine, I could either have agreed with you or put you *dans votre tort*. When I saw all reconciliation impracticable I thought fit to retire, and was resolved for some reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance) to have nothing to do with whomever was to be last in. For either I should not be needed or not be made use of. And, let the case be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my interest or passions, and sometimes to make use of an evil instrument, which was likely to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was employed. I did believe there would be no further occasion for me upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor. I never left pressing my lord Oxford with the utmost earnestness (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in such a condition as not to lie at mercy on this great event; and I am your lordship's witness that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you that I never saw anything more resemble our proceedings than a man of fourscore or in a deep consumption going on in his sins, although his phy-

sician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season—*sed nunc non erat his locus.* Besides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too stale for anybody to care for it. Thus your machine of four years' modelling is dashed to pieces in a moment: and, as well by the choice of the regents as by their proceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the least. The whole nineteen consist either of the highest party-men or (which mightily mends the matter) of such who left us upon the subject of the peace and affected jealousies about the succession. It might reasonably be expected that this quiet possession might convince the successor of the good dispositions of the church party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure somewhere or other that this could not have been done in the queen's life. But this is too much for what is past; and yet, whoever observed and disliked the causes has some title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fournissent les espérances;* and you are now again to act that part (though in another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you, yet at last arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open sea again. But not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom,

has lessened your resolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, have lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow-labourers have either made their fortunes or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side.—Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage; to be at the head of the church interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your lordship's power. In order to which I could heartily wish for that union you mention, because I need not tell you that some are more dexterous at pulling down their enemies than, etc. We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but it must be confessed they have stronger shoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that setting up the cry of "trade and wool," against "Sacheverell and the church," has cooled their zeal. I take it for granted there will be a new parliament against winter, and if they will retain me on the other side as their counsellor I will engage them a majority. But since it is possible I may not be so far in their good graces, if your lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to Ireland to take the oaths, which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in London; and the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents, for I would not willingly want a favour at present. I think to set out in a few days, but not before your lordship's commands and instructions may reach me. I cannot conclude without offering my humblest thanks and acknowledgments for your lord-

ship's kind intentions towards me (if this accident had not happened), of which I received some general hints. I pray God direct your lordship: and I desire you will believe me to be what I am, with the utmost truth and respect, your lordship's most obedient, etc.

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

Dublin, January 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose to appeal to you than to my lord chief justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs; upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the queen's death I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I wrote a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad,

the publishing of it was deferred so long that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns further than the Prayer Book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me; but, as it was at the disposal of a person that had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house,) but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England: this treatise soon

spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing, at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The chief justice had so quick an understanding that he resolved if possible to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that that author's design was to bring in the pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the duke of Grafton, the lord

lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but, when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit and low birth, who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the public, as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South Sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades, have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called "A Dedication upon Dedications," which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on king George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do,

and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I was asked or not; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party, for many of which I was a constant advocate with the earl of Oxford; and for this I appeal to his lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr.

Steele, although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve; it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil:—

> Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
> Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve: which I do not say with any view toward making my court; for the new principles fixed to those of that denomination I did then, and do now, from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain,) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining

how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named, (except Mr. Steele,) during all my lord Oxford's ministry: and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my lord Somers' or Halifax', who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano.*" But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know that the thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or not, it has not

been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the earl of Wharton, then lord lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that Whiggish or fanatical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country vicar, a crier in the courts, or an underclerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think that a person so ill treated as I have been must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have

by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts, first, as it was established by law, and secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people, which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this: that whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government were not in probability so pernicious as the grievances we suffer under present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution; and this I took to have been the case in the prince of Orange's expedition: although, in the consequence, it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual, and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not that, while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty; which traffic would never answer the design nor expense if parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South Sea projects would never have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended: neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued and plot discovered contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broken, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not

only opposite to that maxim which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape than one innocent suffer, but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed and prostitute and abandoned race that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies, a war near their doors, or some civil dissension; for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Caesars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have anywhere appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs while I was in the world; what they are at present is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publish them; for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before Midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, and write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old Whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have

passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men that they are not at leisure to attend to anything else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter is to convince my friends and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject nor so stupid an author as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers, whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill-treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least discretion enough left not to mistake the measure of my own abilities by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

III. STELLA AND VANESSA

1714—1728

III. STELLA AND VANESSA

THE "Journal to Stella" contains frequent references to evenings spent at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, or, more familiarly, Mrs. Van's. This lady was the widow of a Lord Mayor of Dublin, and her wealth and hospitality made her house in London a resort for most of the political circle in which Swift moved. It was no unusual thing to search for a dinner in those days; people were only too delighted to secure the company of a brilliant talker; and among other houses, Mrs. Vanhomrigh's was always open to Swift. His references to these frequent visits, in the Journal, are almost suspiciously apologetic;—it was so wet that he was obliged to go no further for a dinner than to Mrs. Van's; or else Sir Andrew Fountaine, who had originally introduced Swift to the family in 1710, would have it that they should stay and dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh to-day; or, again, it was the circumstance that he was allowed to keep his gown at Mrs. Van's while he was lodging at Chelsea, that laid him open to pressing invitations to remain to dinner. Stella, like every other woman who loves, must have been jealous, or Swift would not have taken so many precautions, and would not have concealed the fact that Mrs. Van possessed a charming daughter of, sweet seventeen, towards whom he himself held the dangerous position of counsellor in her studies and developer of her mind. There are indeed two or three notices of Miss Hester Vanhomrigh's existence in the Journal, but these contain no syllable that could induce Stella to think that Swift took any interest

in the girl, though she did once express surprise at his visiting such plain people so often. He himself seems to have been unconscious of the harm he was doing. He had a fatal fondness for playing the mentor to women and improving their minds, and never concerned himself with the possible reaction of the mind upon the heart, or considered how far the fascinations of a powerful intellect and a manner that all allow to have possessed a singular charm may atone in a woman's eye for the lack of youthful ardour. On the eve of his departure from London, in 1713, Vanessa undeceived him. He learned that his pupil had not been acquiring pure philosophy from his instructions, but had conceived a passionate attachment to the teacher himself. It was then that this singular man composed the poem "Cadenus and Vanessa," which relates the history of this love in so frank and downright a manner that, as someone has said, it carries the effect of an affidavit. Some extracts from this strange composition, which is really a letter in rhyme, will tell the story better than any other words. *Cadenus*, of course, is the Latin *Decanus* transposed. Cupid is represented as endeavouring to foil the designs of "that stubborn dame" Pallas, the Queen of Wisdom, who was the patron of the gifted Vanessa.

"I find," said he, "she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She needs no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice."
Cadenus many things had writ;
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand

Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.—

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind.

But, not to dwell on things minute,

Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.

Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confin'd.

Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talked so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head!

Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;

But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With what devotion we bestow
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,

The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise!
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn,
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

The genuineness of the last ten lines, which do not appear in the earlier of the six editions published in 1726, may perhaps be doubted; but the poem, with its appalling frankness, shows plainly enough that Swift had no intention of breaking with Vanessa; he would respond to her passion with "esteem" and friendship; and con-

tinue to walk over cracked ice. Accordingly, when he returned to London in 1714, only to witness the overthrow of his ambition by the dissensions of the ministry, the death of Queen Anne, and the fall of Bolingbroke, he renewed his intimacy with the Vanhomrighs, and on his retreat in despair of the republic to Mr. Gery's vicarage at Letcombe in Berkshire, he immediately wrote to her before any other person.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Upper Letcombe, near Wantage, Berks,
June 8, 1714.

I HAVE not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from anybody since I left London, of which I am very glad: but to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended; I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy, thoughtful man, partly from nature and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me, so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter and a glass of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her; and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk: and do not speak as many words as I have now writ in three days; so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to Ireland, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have writ to anybody since you saw me.

I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a Londoner, but as a friend; for I care not threepence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The Pretender or duke of Cambridge may both be landed, and I never the wiser: but if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a-week for my board, and can eat anything.

Soon after he writes again to announce his approaching departure for Ireland, and warns her that they must not expect to meet there with the openness that they enjoyed in London—though he abstains from mentioning the cause of such secrecy, which was much more the presence of Stella than the decorum necessary to the Dean of St. Patrick's, of which however he was sufficiently careful.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

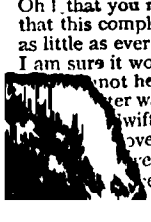
August 12, 1714.

I HAD your letter last post, and before you can send me another I shall set out for Ireland. I must go and take the oaths; and the sooner the better. If you are in Ireland when I am there I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or if not, leave all to fate that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect [illegible] and friendship I have for you. These p[illegible] fortunes have altered all my measures and spirits. God Almighty bless you. I s[illegible] be on horseback in a day after this c[illegible]

hand. I would not answer your questions for a million; nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

What her questions were that he "would not answer for a million" may be readily surmised from the tone of the following letter, which she addressed to him towards the close of the same year. Her mother had died, her sister was ill, and Vanessa was placed in some difficulties with regard to the settlement of her large fortune; and the changes ended in her taking up her residence partly at Dublin and partly at an estate she inherited from her father, Marlay Abbey, near Celbridge, on the Liffey, about ten miles from the capital.

"You bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn anyone to suffer what I have done could you but know it. The reason I write to you is because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are so angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe not help telling you this and live."



er was received on December 2nd, 1714, and no wift's exists to show what result attended ove-sick remonstrances. If we may judge er to almost the next letter in the published e, which is dated six years later,—one

wonders how the "friendship and esteem" had been progressing in this long interval,—he half-laughed, half-reasoned her out of her melancholy. This letter is dated from Celbridge, 1720, and contains similar complaints of his coldness and neglect, and even more passionate declarations of her love:—

"Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you . . . but it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow; yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will stick by me while I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom in my frame that is not blended with it. . . . For Heaven's sake tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so that it may cause my present death: and do not suffer me to lead a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."

Swift's answer, while it declines to take her protestations seriously, proves that their relations were not to be broken off, but the correspondence was to be carried on secretly, by letters "difficult" to be understood by uninitiated persons, with private signs, such as a dash, to indicate where expressions of tenderness are implied. His position, with so ardent a love as Vanessa actually in Dublin, in the immediate neighbourhood of the lady who was now, at least in name, his wife, must have been one of singular embarrassment. "Mobkin" was a pet name for Vanessa's younger sister Mary, who died in 1721; "Skinage" for herself.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

1720.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise

you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what Mobkin meant by showing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governor, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter August 29, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: prove to me first that it was even possible to answer anything to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way toward you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke —— signifies everything that may be said to Cad. at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that anything written by Cad. should be difficult to Skinage.

She writes again, and threatens to use every art, even the "black art," to fasten him to her: to which he

answers chiding, but ends playfully, "you are a white witch, and can do no mischief." His next letter speaks of the "tattle of this nasty town,"—how he had been told, "I am in love with you, and twenty particulars;"—they must be more careful, and he must visit her more rarely, and "tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off." Her reply (if it be a reply to this, the date is merely 1720,) is pitifully beseeching: "I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of ——, who thinks not of me. . . . I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. . . . What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere: your dear image is always before my eyes. . . ."

Two more letters—letters full of allusions to secret meetings ("coffee" seems to represent such stolen joys) and assurances of undying affection—may be added to show that the relation, embarrassing as it must have been, was still maintained; and indeed it continued until Vanessa's quick jealousy prompted her (if the story be true) to demand of Stella whether or not she was Swift's wife, and drew forth Stella's affirmative reply; with the well-known result,—Swift's vengeful ride to Marlay, the speechless interview, and the "awful look," which Vanessa so dreaded, soon followed by the welcome death (in May, 1723) which relieved the unhappy woman from a burthen too heavy to be borne.

TO VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad,
July 5, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish

or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. Cadenus ——— assures me he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking and refraining from everything agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cadenus shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make us? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks' plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise to make Cad——— and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drunk

no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

TO VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is that we are too hard to please; and whether we have made ourselves so is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in is that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point; I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it; while you continue to

be splenetic, count upon it I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee once a-week is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I would rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the clothes with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewell.

All the time he was receiving Vanessa's passionate letters, and paying her secret visits, which can hardly be supposed to have been less warm than the correspondence, Swift was enjoying the constant companionship of Stella. There is not a tittle of evidence to show that he had grown cold towards his life's love. He had little occasion to write to her now, because she was in the same city; or if he sent her a note, in prose or verse, it was a playful invitation to dine with him, or an acceptance of a similar proposal from her. His trifles in verse addressed to Sheridan and others at this time are full of references to Mrs. Johnson, and there can be no manner of doubt that this mysterious union remained on the old footing, save in the concealed marriage. The marriage itself may have been a step taken to reassure Stella on the subject of Swift's relations with Vanessa, and may have been concealed out of fear of Vanessa's indignation. But there is no reason to suppose that Stella possessed anything approaching to a correct comprehension of the new phase in Swift's life. The publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa" in 1726 must have been a rude awakening for her, and it is easy to understand, though not to excuse, her jealous sneer at her poor dead rival, when someone said what a remarkable woman Vanessa must have been

to inspire such a poem,—"that the Dean, it was known, could write finely on a broomstick." After Vanessa's tragic death, Swift retired to devour his remorse in the country, and on his return the old intimacy with Stella seems to have been renewed without a change, except that he appears to have at last offered to make the marriage public, and was answered that it was too late. That Swift was as devoted as ever is apparent from the following letters, written during his last visits to England in 1726 and 1727. Stella was seriously ill during both these absences,—it may not be straining a point to connect her illness of 1726 with the publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa,"—and Swift writes in agonies to his Irish friends to obtain news of her.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for £100, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises. And indeed ever since I left you my heart has been so sunk that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you as a friend, that, if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that

case I would expect of you in the beginning of September to renew my licence for another half-year, which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in a disposition of appearing after an accident that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. Stephen's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanery, which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words applied to such a dear friend. Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy.

I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable. . . .

TO THE REV. DR. STOPFORD.

Twickenham, near London,
July 20, 1726.

DEAR JIM,— . . . I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland, and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.—They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been

so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden.—Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love. Adieu. . . .

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, August 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect before you read this to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not written to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case, as well as I knew it, to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same—air and exercise—and, at last, ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing.

I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one (as he will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London on the other side toward the sea; and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury Plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this licence run like the former ("To Great Britain or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health").

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more; your directions to Mr. Lancelot at his house in New Bond-street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, September 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable

health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long; the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitae;* but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health when such a friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over, that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person you know has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do

in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

These extracts leave no doubt whatever on the mind. They are the outcome of as true and absolute a love as ever ennobled a man. The very dread of returning in time to see her die, which has been interpreted as selfishness, is but a proof of a tenderness—weak, perhaps, but genuine—that cannot bear so terrible a shock. Whatever his temporary attraction to Vanessa may have been, these letters show that Swift remained true to his one real love until death took her from him. Into the mystery of that love I do not care to pry; it is enough that it began when Hester Johnson was a child at Moor Park, continued for forty years of close communion and sympathy, and was as constant, as absorbing, as tender, when the bitter separation came, as it had been even during the years which are illuminated by the "little language." Why such a union of heart was not drawn closer by wedlock, why the formal ceremony of marriage was preserved so close a secret, will probably always remain unexplained. But this much may be said, in reply to those who hold Swift's conduct to Stella to have been cruel, that few women have been better loved than Hester Johnson, and none by a heart whose devotion was better worth having. Stella herself would not have changed her lot with the happiest wife in Christendom.

The letters to Sheridan quoted above presaged the sorrowful event that came to pass in the following January. The Journal written when delayed by foul weather for a week at Holyhead, on his way back to Ireland, testifies, in the midst of its fretful humour, to Swift's state of nervous anxiety. It is printed from a MS. in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. The set essay on the death of Stella, which Swift, who possessed a curious talent for tormenting himself, actually began on the very night of her death, ends the strange story.

FROM THE JOURNAL AT HOLYHEAD, 1727.

IT rained all night, and hath rained since dinner. But now the sun shines, and I will take my afternoon's

walk. It was fairer and milder weather than yesterday, yet the captain never dreams of sailing. To say the truth, Michaelmas is the worst season in the year. Is this strange stuff? Why, what *would* you have me do? I have writ verses, and put down hints till I am weary. I see no creature. I cannot read by candlelight. Sleeping makes me sick. I reckon myself fixed here: and have a mind like Marechal Tallard to take a house and garden. I wish you a merry Christmas, and expect to see you by Candlemas. I have walked this evening again about three miles on the rocks; my giddiness, God be thanked, is almost gone, and my hearing continues; I am now retired to my chamber to scribble or sit hum-drum. The night is fair, and they pretend to have some hopes of going to-morrow.

Sept. 26th. Thoughts upon being confined at Holyhead. If this were to be my settlement during life, I could caress myself a while by forming some conveniences to be easy; and should not be frighted either by the solitude, or the meanness of lodging, eating or drinking. I shall say nothing about the suspense I am in about my dearest friend; because that is a case extraordinary, and therefore, by way of amusement, I will speak as if it were not in my thoughts, and only as a passenger who is in a scurvy unprovided comfortless place without one companion, and who therefore wants to be at home, where he hath all conveniences there proper for a gentleman of quality. I cannot read at night, and I have no books to read in the day. I have no subject in my head at present to write on. I dare not send my linen to be washed, for fear of being called away

at half an hour's warning, and then I must leave them behind me, which is a serious point. I live at great expense without one comfortable bit or sup. I am afraid of joining with passengers for fear of getting acquaintance with Irish. The days are short, and I have five hours at night to spend by myself before I go to bed. I should be glad to converse with farmers or shopkeepers, but none of them speak English. A dog is better company than the vicar, for I remember him of old. What can I do but write everything that comes into my head. Watt is a Booby of that species which I dare not suffer to be familiar with me, for he would ramp on my shoulders in half an hour. But the worst part is my half-hourly longing, and hopes and vain expectations of a wind; so that I live in suspense, which is the worst circumstance of human nature. I am a little risky from two scurvy disorders, and if I should relapse, there is not a Welsh house-cur that would not have more care taken of him than I, and whose loss would not be more lamented. I confine myself to my narrow chamber in all unwalkable hours. The master of the packet boat, one Jones, hath not treated me with the least civility, although Watt gave him my name. In short, I come from being used like an emperor to be used worse than a dog at Holyhead. Yet my hat is worn to pieces by answering the civilities of the poor inhabitants as they pass by. The women might be safe enough, who all wear hats yet never pull them off, if the dirty streets did not foul their petticoats by courtseying so low. Look you; be not impatient, for I only wait till my watch marks 10, and then I will give you ease, and myself sleep, if I can. On my conscience, you may know a Welsh dog

as well as a Welsh man or woman by its peevish passionate way of barking. This paper shall serve to answer all your questions about my Journey; and I will have it printed to satisfy the kingdom. *Forsan et haec* is a damned lie, for I shall always fret at the remembrance of this imprisonment. Pray pity poor Watt, for he is called dunce, puppy, and liar five hundred times an hour, yet he means not ill, for he means nothing. Oh, for a dozen bottles of deanery wine and a slice of bread and butter! The wine you sent us yesterday is a little upon the sour. I wish you had chosen better. I am going to bed at ten o'clock, because I am weary of being up. *Wednesday.* Last night I dreamt that lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope were at my cathedral in the gallery, and that my lord was to preach. I could not find my surplice; the church servants were all out of the way; the doors shut. I sent to my lord to come into my stall for more conveniency to get into the pulpit. The stall was all broken; they said the collegians had done it. I squeezed among the rabble, saw my lord in the pulpit. I thought his prayer was good, but I forget it. In his sermon I did not like his quoting Mr. Wycherley by name, and his play. This is all, and so I waked.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JOHNSON.

THIS day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and as soon as I

am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at Richmond, in Surrey, on the 13th day of March, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth. I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then, to my mortification, settled in Ireland; and about a year after, going to visit my friends in England, I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependence. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above £1,500, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance, in so dear a country, for one of her spirit. Under this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon

funds. Money was then ten per cent. in Ireland, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but I happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal; which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct. She came over with her friend in the year 1700; and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us. For some years past, she had been visited with continual ill health; and several times, within these last two years, her life was despaired of. But, for this twelvemonth past, she never had a day's health; and, properly speaking, she has been dying six months, but kept alive, almost against nature, by the generous kindness of two physicians, and the care of her friends. [Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.]

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human, in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sin-

cerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank; yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found her out; and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill upon the least breach of respect; for, in such a case, she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by, yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved.

Her servants loved and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid them seldom, but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

January 29. My head aches, and I can write no more.

January 30. Tuesday. This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night; and I am removed into

another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. . . .

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, or was given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat: scandal, censure, and detraction never came out of her mouth; yet among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When she was once convinced, by open facts, of any breach of truth or honour in a person of high station, especially in the Church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without showing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind when it was manifest that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition; and would much sooner have forgiven them the commonest immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progress in

reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critic of style; neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet perhaps she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgment, and vivacity, to the last, but often used to complain of her memory. . . . She lamented the narrowness of her fortune in nothing so much as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends so often and in so hospitable a manner as she desired. Yet they were always welcome: and, while she was in health to direct, were treated with neatness and elegance, so that the revenues of her and her companion passed for

much more considerable than they really were. They lived always in lodgings; their domestics consisted of two maids and one man. She kept an account of all the family expenses from her arrival in Ireland to some months before her death; and she would often repine, when looking back upon the annals of her household bills, that everything necessary for life was double the price, while interest of money was sunk almost to one half; so that the addition made to her fortune was indeed grown absolutely necessary.

*[I since writ as I found time.]

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity, for it went further in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say she always met with gratitude from the poor; which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it might be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean, that of making agreeable presents; wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, that it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for

money. I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she has, in these and some other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being, on all occasions, the most disinterested mortal I ever knew, or heard of.

From her own disposition, at least as much as from the frequent want of health, she seldom made any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these were the late primate Lindsay, bishop Lloyd, bishop Ashe, bishop Brown, bishop Sterne, bishop Pulleyn, with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty, were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance: and, where she found them, [she] would be ready to allow for some defects; nor valued them less although they did not shine in learning or in wit; but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken,

but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time. . . .

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense: and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topic of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to anything that was innocent and diverting. News, politics, censure, family management, or town-talk, she always diverted to something else; but these indeed seldom happened, for she chose her company better: and therefore many, who mistook her and themselves, having solicited her acquaintance, and finding themselves disappointed, after a few visits dropped off; and she was never known to inquire into the reason, nor ask what was become of them.

She was never positive in arguing; and she usually treated those who were so, in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in

such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she commonly gave, when her friends asked the reason, was, that it prevented noise and saved time. Yet I have known her very angry with some whom she much esteemed, for sometimes falling into that infirmity.

She loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it; and having brought over all the fortune she had in money, left the reversion of the best part of it, £1,000, to Dr. Stephen's Hospital. She detested the tyranny and injustice of England in their treatment of this kingdom. She had indeed reason to love a country where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her, and the universal good report of all who ever heard of her, without one exception, if I am told the truth by those who keep general conversation. Which character is the more extraordinary in falling to a person of so much knowledge, wit, and vivacity, qualities that are used to create envy, and consequently censure; and must be rather imputed to her great modesty, gentle behaviour, and inoffensiveness, than to her superior virtues.

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex, yet she was so far from making a

parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say they found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations as well as in her questions.

IV. LETTERS TO FRIENDS IN ENGLAND

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IN 1714, after the death of the Queen, and the destruction of all his hopes from the Tory administration, Swift retired to his Dublin deanery, and there, with such variety as visits to the country-houses of friends, and two journeys to London in 1726 and 1727, he stayed for more than thirty years, until death put an end to what he always regarded as a miserable exile. The letters during this period, up to the year 1740, when his failing intellect was no longer equal to the task of correspondence, are very numerous, and supply a vivid image of the views which Swift held on the political events of the time, and the life he led in his deanery. The more interesting of these letters may be divided into two strongly contrasted classes: the first consisting of those which he wrote to the old friends of his days of influence; the second of those addressed to his Irish friends, and especially to Thomas Sheridan the elder. Besides these, there is a large number of letters which possess little literary interest, and are therefore unrepresented here, but which show the man in a kindly light; those, namely, in which he urges upon the attention of the noblemen with whom he was formerly familiar the claims of needy or inappreciated persons who have asked for the assistance which he never refused to the deserving. His generosity to his subjects of the Liberties of St. Patrick's, his wise and bountiful charity to scores of helpless old women in Dublin, and his unfailing goodness to a crowd of poor retainers, old servants, and improvident

acquaintances, find a counterpart in this readiness to write to the men in power on behalf of anybody who needed influence and deserved recommendation. Sometimes, indeed, they did not deserve his mediation, but this did not deter him from continuing his good offices for those who did; and though the "Journal to Stella" is full of complaints of the impudence of the strangers who besought his influence with ministers, Swift was not chary of using that influence either in his days of power or in the time of retirement. No man was ever a better friend, or more urgent in season and out of season in the cause of the aspirant whose interests he had espoused.

The Letters to Friends in England, which form the present section, are inspired chiefly by one thought: Swift is never weary of recalling the delights of the intellectual society from which he is banished, and of contrasting with it the desolation of the world in which he is compelled to live, or rather "to die," as he puts it, "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." He describes his deanery to Pope in 1715, when he had not yet attained even the partial resignation—or rather indignant endurance—which came with later years:—

"You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house: my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages; and when I do not dine abroad or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton pie and drink half a pint of wine; my amusements are defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur haec inter misera lux.*"

This is the keynote of the correspondence. We read little of the visits to friends' houses, where he was always welcome, and where he ruled the whole establishment with despotic sway. Now and then a few words tell us that he has enjoyed the hospitality of a staunch friend, such as Mr. Cope, to whom he writes:—

"I will put the greatest compliment on you that I

ever made; which is to profess sincerely that I never found anything wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you, at least you have made me think so, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worst of it is, that if you grow weary of me (and I wonder why you do not) I have no other retreat. The neighbours you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your house, and I love the very spleen of you and Mrs. Cope better than the mirth of any others you can help me to."

This reads as though Swift had at least one pleasant house to go to; and we know there were many more. He spent months at his friend Sheridan's house, Quilca, with Stella and Dingley, and though the mansion itself was not particularly well-kept, the life there must have been delightful, if our idea of Stella is not wholly incorrect. Again, Swift stayed for eight months at Sir Arthur Acheson's, and this visit for a wonder is mentioned, favourably, in the correspondence (see Letter, p. 204). But the general tone of the letters is that of one who had abandoned hope, who had come to look upon death as a terrible but still desirable release, and who entertained nothing but contempt for his surroundings. They are the expressions of a man bitterly disappointed in a dear ambition, and, like many letters of the kind, express the disappointment and bitterness more forcibly than the facts required. Swift after all could still be amused, as we shall see in the next section, and so long as Hester Johnson was living, he could not have been bereft of all happiness.

In the letters to Bolingbroke Swift is more formal than is his wont; he recommends philosophy to the exiled statesman, and endeavours to stimulate him to further efforts, literary and political; but the brilliant polish of

these letters smacks of the published essay. To Pope, on the other hand, Swift is absolutely natural; he is addressing one who knows him well, and he speaks his mind as he would were they face to face. There is nothing more touching in literature than the lifelong devotion of this great heart to such a creature as Pope; nothing more shameful than Pope's treachery and deceit in the theft of the correspondence when Swift was already in the valley of the shadow. The letters to Pope are those of a bosom friend, and show us the writer nakedly. To Gay, Swift does not write with quite the confidential openness he uses to Pope, but his words have a grace and humour that make amends for the want of personal revelation.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, September 14, 1714.

My Lord,—I hope your lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honourable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the king, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free as to tell you that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than that of secretary: and you lie under one great disadvantage, besides your being too young; that, whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of

your former post, all the honest men in England will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art that they would better deserve than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits "that half the pains which some men take to be damned would have compassed their salvation:" this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends, but if I see the old Whig measures taken in the next elections, and that the court, the bank, East India, and South Sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority, I shall lie down and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the House of Commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it.—And so, having despatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of Ireland dead. I remember we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead queen is used like the giant Longaron in Rabelais. Pantagruel took Longaron by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river into the town and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you *non desperare de republicâ;* and say that *res nolunt diu malè administrari.* But I will cut

all short, and assure you that if you do not save us I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read Polybius.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a stirrup-leather of your jockey-belt.

I imagine you now smoking with your humdrum squire (I forget his name), who can go home at midnight and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the deanery, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the court: and, as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before you die.

The —— take this country; it has in three weeks spoiled two as good sixpenny pamphlets as ever a proclamation was issued against. And since we talk of that, there will not be * * * * * * *, I shall be cured of loving England as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipped through the town.

I would retire too if I could; but my country-seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbour has seized on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But in return, I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers, and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between your lordship and me.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

December 19, 1719.

My Lord,—I first congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *omne solum diti patria.* Euripides makes the queen Jocasta ask her exiled son how he got his victuals: but who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer; but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But in this case we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of a better) of Aristippus, in my drawing-room: the motto at the top is *Omnis Aristippum, etc.*, and at the bottom, *Tantâ foedus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But since what I have heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich as

well as to be a philosopher: and I guess Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty:—*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who know them so many thousand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of or seen one great genius who had long success in the ministry: and recollecting a great many in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time were at best men of middling degree in understanding. But if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations, in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? whereas, if he had used a razor or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon lord Bacon, Williams, Straf-

ford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the earl of Oxford and yourself; all great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman or a gentleman-usher. But of late years I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly see that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sally into the highest exorbitances with much more safety than a man of great talents can make the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse: but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy wherewith the common rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species than a better. If you will recollect that I am toward six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations: I can now express in a hundred words what would have formerly cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I

would show them some things I have written, but cannot succeed: and wreak my spite in condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is, that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis, atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements to divert the vexation of former thoughts and present objects. Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were snatched from me? you see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands beside your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantials. I tax you with two minutes a-day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating

with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: but I think it is observed that gentlemen often dance better than those that live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, January 8, 1723.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which, however, is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return,

after half a year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene and the business to which fortune had condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey and am every summer practising to ride and get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, etc., but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth; they will give things under their

hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antechambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am for my ease utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them, (as the parsons phrase it,) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-men's friends who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury which would at least take up your seven years' expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you because they have read you and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here, or, if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court and the successors; and, by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools.

Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

The three following letters, interesting in many respects, possess a peculiar value in their references to the final revision and publication of "Gulliver's Travels."

TO MR. POPE.

September 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grand monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalise myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in, relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beside ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels, in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions, but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations: lord treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated

all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counsellor such-a-one, and judge such-a-one: it is so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade,) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell); and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your "Odyssey" was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less from the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon

become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court; Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court lady, but then she is a most damnable party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! but, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet,

has imitated his manner in a poem to the same miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, (of which he has not been thrifty,) but I wonder he has no more discretion.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

November 17, 1726.

MADAM,—When I received your letter, I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes, an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer,

although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness that you are a mercenary Yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me? which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which I suppose was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure

the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and Sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you, in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs, buttered or poached, but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world with respect to eggs is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps, some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: but rabbits being clothed in furs may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram—by which is meant the ministry—butting with his two horns, one against the church and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister, to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will

discover secrets between us. In a little room for words I assure you of my being, with truest respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, November 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called "Gulliver's Travels," of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered, and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least; others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another

man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries; he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

TO PATTY BLOUNT.

Dublin, February 29, 1728.

DEAR PATTY,—I am told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almost a confession that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of looking on me as a man *sans* consequence, it is what I will never understand. I am told likewise

you grow every day younger and more a fool, which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiser and older, and at this rate we shall never agree. I long to see you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and visit in a chair, for which you must starve next summer at Petersham, with a mantua out at the sides; and sponge once a-week at our house, without ever inviting us in a whole season to a cow-heel at home. I wish you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come; but we will leave Mr. Gay to his beggars and his operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you pass this summer for want of a squire to Ham common and Walpole's lodge? for as to Richmond lodge and Marble hill, they are abandoned as much as sir Spencer Compton: and Mr. Schabe's coach, that used to give so many a set-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You must be forced to get a horse, and gallop with Mrs. Jansen and Miss Bedier. Your greatest happiness is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the dean; but I suppose Mr. Pope is so just as to pay our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unless you are so happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a castaway, of which I think he hath given me some hints. However, I would advise you to pass this summer at Kensington, where you will be near the court and out of his jurisdiction; where you will be teased with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up £100 of your principal for quadrille. Monstrous, indeed, that a fine lady in the prime of life and gaiety must take up with an antiquated dean, an old gentlewoman of four-

score, and a sickly poet! I will stand by my dear Patty against the world, if Theresa beats you for your good, and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpose. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr. Delany came last night to the deanery? and, being denied without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and so I must send this by the post. I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, so small printed that it will spoil my eyes. I ordered you to send me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almost finished the letter; but by mistake I took up this instead of it, and so the six lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you must read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greatest concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard, after near six months' absence. I hope you have done with your rash and other little disorders, and that I shall see you a fine young, healthy, plump lady; and if Mr. Pope chides you, threaten him that you will turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your truest friends and humblest servants; and that, since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned during my life to live in Ireland, he at the deanery, and you, for reputation sake, just at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half-dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings, a thing you could never expect to arrive at, and every year a suit of fourteen-penny

stuff, that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor. Adieu, again, dear Patty.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, February 13, 1729.

I LIVED very easily in the country. Sir Arthur is a man of sense and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better: she is perfectly well bred and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to everybody till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another lord lieutenant was only in a common newspaper when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who, surely, beside his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him is bound in conscience to preserve

his health for the sake of his friends as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me, and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly, if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to everybody, has abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally: they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine—eight or a dozen together; he loves them all and they him; he has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies it is no more than poor Tom; he gets another or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat; he offends nobody, is easy with everybody; is not this the truly happy man? I was describing him to my lady Acheson, who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my lord ——, who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera which you mentioned is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised and reject your advice. Adieu.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a deep weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But, before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history, which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do; I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more for the honour and love I bear you and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who has chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And, my lord, I have made a maxim that should be written in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my lord Digby, after the

restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the House of Commons? In my conscience, believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myself I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people who, I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari?* the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember when I was a little boy I felt a

great fish at the end of my line which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatness are got and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious:" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever wrote. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtue always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia and hardly a thimbleful in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth that there is not one human creature in power who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption: I say this because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backward about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed and as obscure as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library I value the compliments of Graevius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet casts his eyes immediately upon them and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship is what would exceedingly please me: but yet I never loved to make a visit or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all

the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner wrote this than I corrected myself, and remembered sir Fulke Greville's epitaph, "Here lies, etc., who was friend to sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I must heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, October 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could anything be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; it is you were my hero, but the other never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him in the beginning of your ministry from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole

scene was fifty times more a what-d'ye-call-it than yours, for I declare yours was *unie;* and I wish you would so order it that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England even without wit. But you regard us not. I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I wrote to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons, you born to a great fortune; yet I see you with all your advantages sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation; only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy because it is not your practice. By the figure of living (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the pleasure of giving, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the

deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried.—No, God forbid that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach me. But in the mean time do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosopha verba, ignava opera;* I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles, which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live upon fifty pounds a-year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to), but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate.*—My lord, what I would have said of fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in this life; because I cannot be a great lord I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age through the whole world. My lord, I hate and love to write you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

In 1730 Gay was established as the Duchess of Queensberry's lapdog at her country-seat of Amesbury; and both poet and patroness were eager to induce Swift to abandon his seclusion and pay them a visit. The following letters are happy examples of Swift's favourite talent of carrying on a double correspondence.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, November 10, 1730.

WHEN my lord Peterborough, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me that he was such a vagrant they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham walks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier ministre;* for his grace, having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury Downs, having ridden over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my lady duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior:* I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her grace that the ill-management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible, with a bidential fork, to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her grace hath cost

me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me. I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my two hundred pounds next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you; for I have often known a she-cousin of a good family and small fortune passing months among all her relations, living in plenty and taking her circles till she grew an old maid, and everybody weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join. God hath taken care of this to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself: I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs which perpetually filled your thoughts and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny

from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated. If you see Mr. Caesar, present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer; it was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. But my paper is ended.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct in a negative way, not to do so and so, etc., like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, etc. Pray why did you not get a new heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput? But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

MADAM,—Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way in all places except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres and two or three houses in town or country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all humankind except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind, which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England, and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty millions times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars' length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice? and

will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears my right is the best? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurse if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Amesbury. For I profess you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August, 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour, when I began to endure their company, which, however, I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in anything but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam,

your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, etc.

TO MR. GAY.

I HAVE just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER since I received your letter I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the duchess has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered: first, I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a papist, and consequently by the law here cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command and scold: I must have horses to ride; I must go to

bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles besides every day. . . .

I see very well how matters go with the duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, "Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough, I have written thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come let him come; what a clutter is here! Positively I will not write a syllable more." She is an ungrateful duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth £7,000, which will bring you £300 per annum, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of sponging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

MADAM,—Since I began to grow old I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite mischief here; for while you con-

tinued them you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it I should lose them all. One of them, who had but an inkling of the matter, (your grace will hardly believe it,) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS.

August 28, 1731.

YOU and the duchess use me very ill, for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like her grace than yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides, it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear that what I must suppose is written by the duchess is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living such as an

English chaplain would leap at. I retired thither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy. I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations as [I,] to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland who, from a shoe-boy, grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense; a lord lieutenant told the first king George that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing £16,000 a-year—why, you need not stare; it is easily applied; I must be absent in order to preserve my credit with her grace—Lo, here comes in the duchess again, (I know her by her d d's, but am a fool for discovering my art,) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said. —Madam, I will imitate your grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your grace's feet till I can finish a paltry lawsuit. It concerns, indeed, almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks' rent of your grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But,

madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed; though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably has your grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told that the "Craftsman" in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the "Dunciad;" and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental; some will appear barren of hints and matter but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary; and what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me; my invention and judgment are perpetually at fisticuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations in comparison to what I now busy myself about, as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see.

TO MR. GAY.

September 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for night-gown, it is clear from Homer that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, beside two or three under ones that may add another £1,000 to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well without considering that the interest of a whole £1,000 brings you but half-a-crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reason good when I am teased with dukes and duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more: O happy, etc., such a duchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more

because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, high and low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which has given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue; neither of them likely to be soon met within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. . . .

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you wrote your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my lady duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one: nay, worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper without the

sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. . . .

I find by the whole cast of your letter that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever: just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company with a rooted laziness and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting; while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: you are merciful to everything but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured I will hire people to watch all your motions and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the duchess's women

admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the duchess, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are likely to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news: I buried the famous general Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral, he was ninety-six years old; so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was among you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding and middle rank. Adieu.

In Dec. 1732 Gay died, and Swift's principal correspondent is Pope: "I have nobody left but you," he writes, but the letters of his old friend Barber, Lady Betty Germain, and others, contradict the melancholy statement. Two letters to the former, John Barber, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, will show how sensible Swift was of the trusty affection of his "very dear old friend;" while the touching letter written to Arbuthnot, but a few months before the genial doctor's death, proves how deeply Swift was drawn to this lovable nature.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected, *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that, a very convenient offer happening, you waived the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the

only gentleman I know who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern, who has just left us, was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the doctor [Delany], who is easy in his fortune and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two edges of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours to turn me out of the road or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you

the reasons for what I once wrote, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord-mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the lord-mayor of the city and the archbishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the king of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery I can tell you with seriousness that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to lord Bolingbroke and yourself you agree with me entirely about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, etc., that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life I could have leaped over the moon.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

[*Oct.*, 1734.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I never once suspected your forgetfulness or want of friendship, but very often dreaded your want of health, to which alone I imputed every delay longer than ordinary in hearing from you. I should be ungrateful indeed if I acted otherwise to you, who are pleased to take such generous constant care of my health, my interests, and my reputation, who represented me so favourably to that

blessed queen your mistress, as well as to her ministers, and to all your friends. The letters you mention which I did not answer, I cannot find, and yet I have all that ever came from you, for I constantly endorse yours and those of a few other friends, and date them; only if there be anything particular, though of no consequence, when I go to the country I send them to some friends among other papers for fear of accidents in my absence. I thank you kindly for your favour to the young man who was bred in my quire. The people of skill in music represent him to me as a lad of virtue, and hopeful and endeavouring in his way. It is your own fault if I give you trouble, because you never refused me anything in your life. You tear my heart with the ill account of your health; yet if it should please God to call you away before me, I should not pity you in the least, except on account of what pains you might feel before you passed into a better life. I should pity none but your friends, and among them chiefly myself, although I never can hope to have health enough to leave this country till I leave the world. I do not know among mankind any person more prepared to depart from us than yourself, not even the bishop of Marseilles, if he be still alive; for among all your qualities that have procured you the love and esteem of the world, I ever most valued your moral and Christian virtues, which were not the product of years or sickness, but of reason and religion, as I can witness after above five-and-twenty years' acquaintance. . . . The great reason that hinders my journey to England is the same that drives you from Highgate: I am not in circumstances to keep horses and servants in London. My

revenues by the miserable oppression of this kingdom are sunk £300 a-year, for tithes are become a drug, and I have but little rent from the Deanery lands, which are my only sure payments. I have here a large convenient house; I live at two-thirds cheaper here than I could there; I drink a bottle of French wine myself every day, though I love it not; but it is the only thing that keeps me out of pain. I ride every fair day a dozen miles on a large strand or turnpike road. You in London have no such advantages. I can buy a chicken for a groat, and entertain three or four friends, with as many dishes, and two or three bottles of French wine, for 10 shillings. When I dine alone, my pint and chicken with the appendices cost me about 15 pence. I am thrifty in everything but wine, of which, though I be not a constant housekeeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a-year; when I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry my bottle, my bread and chicken, that he may be no loser. I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which, joined to my ill health, make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestic tattle may excuse me and amuse you. I could not live with my lord Bo[lingbroke] or Mr. Pope: they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound and too poor. And how could I afford horses? And how could I ride over their cursed roads in winter, and be turned into a ditch by every carter or hackney coach? Every parish minister of this city is governor of all carriages, and so are the two Deans, and every carter, etc., makes way for us at their peril. Therefore, like Caesar, I will be one of the first here

rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the bottom. I am now with one of my prebendaries, five miles in the country, for five days. I brought with me eight bottles of wine, with bread and meat for three days, which is my club. He is a bachelor with £300 a-year. Pray God preserve you, my dear friend. Entirely yours.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Deanery-house, Dublin,
March 1, 1735.

MY VERY GOOD AND OLD FRIEND,—I received lately a very acceptable present which you were pleased to send me, which was an engraved picture of you very handsomely framed with a glass over it. I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks. I have no other way to show my gratitude at present, than by desiring another favour from you, which however will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the king's prime-serjeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom; of great honour, justice, truth, good sense, good nature, and knowledge in his faculty; this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry Society, whereof you are a member, and the bearer your agent. From such a recommendation as the prime-serjeant's I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which I hope is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink: but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined; and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars, I desire to know.

The people who read news have struck me to the heart by the account of my dear friend doctor Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less by a letter I received from him a month or two ago. Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems oftener, and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains with too much reason of his disorders. What a havoc hath death made among our friends since that of the queen! As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago. But now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and I always walk the streets except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniences that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the week like a king by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which I fear will tire you by

reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness. And do me the justice to believe that I am with true esteem and friendship, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant.

You see by my many blottings and interlinings what a condition my head is in.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

September 3, 1735.

SIR,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me, he hath the honour to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way: I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were not the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one: wherein you are able to be the best adviser, provided he be not too sanguine, by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enslaved country. To my great grief my disorder is of such a nature, and so constantly threatening, that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from [home]. And yet when the weather is fair I seldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life, that I generally dine at home and alone, and have not two houses in this great kingdom where I can get a bit of meat twice a-year; that I very seldom go to church for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service. I hear you have likewise some ailments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner even than you; but I have one advantage, that

wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my own share every day to bring some heat into my stomach. Dear Mr. Alderman, what a number of dear and great friends have we buried, or seen driven to exile since we came acquainted! I did not know till six months after that my best friend, my lady Masham, was gone. I would be glad to know whether her son be good for anything, because I much doubted when I saw him last. Tell me, do you make constant use of exercise? It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to life, but to health: I know nothing wherein years make so great a change as in the difference of matter in conversation and writing. My thoughts are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die in, and how to dispose my poor fortune for the best public charity; but in conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give threepence for all I read, or write, or think, in the compass of a year.

Well, God bless you and preserve your life and health as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because if I were younger, I should probably outlive the liberty of England, which without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousand now alive will see governed by an absolute monarch.

Farewell, dear sir, and believe me to be, with true esteem, your most obedient humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

February 7, 1736.

IT is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me, with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher and a Christian; particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have stayed too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickell was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you. . . .

I have nobody now left but you: pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My

state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is, more or less, too constant; I sleep ill and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own; I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that has so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account of your neighbour, who wrote to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

TO MR. POPE.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that

odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride: the first I can do tolerably, but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bones cannot agree together. But I am angry because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says,—*Singula de nobis anni praedantur*, I feel every month at furthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begin to distinguish so confounded early that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, etc., and in spite of your heart you have owned me a contemporary. Not to mention lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough: in short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in this and a better life! but I value not what becomes of posterity when I consider from what

monsters they are to spring. My lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has £3,000 a-year about Cork and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years' rent unpaid; this is our condition in these blessed times. I wrote to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health. How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my lord Bathurst, and lord Masham, and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blount, and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero* is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. I had reason to expect from some of your letters that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and I assure you my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such epistles are more useful to the public by your manner of handling

them than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

TO MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, August 8, 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post office of both kingdoms, which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. Blount is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, has made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to my friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abso-

lutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me to equal almost anything you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which I presume are very well known from Temple Bar to St. James's; I mean the court exclusive.

I can faithfully assure you that every letter you have honoured me with these twenty years and more are sealed up in bundles and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My Lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north; she is a person of very good understanding, as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my lord B.'s letter in the last page of yours.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world beside. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state; and yet I love you still more for your condescending to write to me when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name should be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:*

if not I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, etc.

V. LETTERS TO FRIENDS IN IRELAND

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WHEN Swift left England after the fall of the Tory administration, he bade farewell for ever to English political life. But life without politics was inconceivable to his masterful intellect, and since the management of affairs in London was now beyond his influence, he devoted his energies to the wrongs of Ireland. How grievous those wrongs really were, Swift's numerous tracts "On the present miserable state of Ireland," "Maxims controlled in Ireland," etc., abundantly prove; he clearly perceived the folly and cruelty of the traditional English policy towards Ireland, and he exposed it with relentless logic. His mediation was, indeed, ungracious: he hated the country, he despised the people, he took scarcely any count of the true "wild" Irish; but he effected a great work, of which no one can dispute the worth and the disinterested sincerity. He was not always right in his judgments; he was very seldom pleasant in his counsel; he told the people unpalatable truths in the rough tones he could so readily command; he spared no man, nor woman neither, in the interests of justice; he scrupled no virulence of abuse when he had oppression's fraud to chastise. And in spite of his rude manner and contemptuous tone the people worshipped him. He taught them that their opinion was a power, that the passive resistance of men's minds could withstand a bad law and turn aside the purpose of a government. He created and guided public opinion in Ireland: and the Irish were not slow to grasp the importance of the gift.

Many of his letters during the last twenty years of his sane life, which may be called the Irish period, refer to the miserable state of the country; others convey advice to the London Society against the sudden raising of their rents in Coleraine; others complain of the English tradition of government for Ireland. Such letters, however, add little to what we read in his anonymous pamphlets, and possess less biographical value than the familiar letters to friends in Ireland, wherein Swift throws off all conventionalities and abandons himself to the humour of his correspondent. Other examples might easily be adduced; but, in the little space that remains, the correspondence with Thomas Sheridan, grandfather of the "School for Scandal," will serve to show how playful and witty Swift could yet be, at the age of nearly seventy, with a congenial companion. *Vive la bagatelle* ! was still his motto.

Among all Swift's friends none is more interesting than the impulsive, generous, open-hearted and open-handed Irishman, Thomas Sheridan: the man of a well-known and well-beloved type; a delightful companion, a divider of the last farthing with his friend, a man to drink with and gossip with, not to consult on the investment of money. Sheridan comes into the Swift correspondence with the freshness of the wild air of the heath. No formal periods or stilted paraphrases for him; he goes straight to the point, which is not seldom money, and revels in unrestrained laughter at everybody and everything that may come within his horizon. He has no reserve—except for his wife—and no caution; his gay humour, which is vividly in contrast with the stern and deadly character of Swift's satire, frolics over the most treacherous ground and among endless ambushes of concealed Whig informers; nothing can restrain him, and nobody will promote him.

In spite of differences so striking, Sheridan was the staunchest friend Swift ever had, and perhaps there was no one for whom the Dean felt more warmly than the good-natured, affectionate schoolmaster. For twenty years we find these two in intimate relations, from the days when they and Delany, and three or four others, scribbled verses to each other in 1718, to the letter written by Swift in May, 1737, a year and a half before

the unlucky Doctor's death. During these twenty years they passed through many changes in their relationship, and occasionally the quick temper of the Doctor would take mortal offence at some wanton satire of the Dean's, but the breach was generally quick of healing, for Sheridan could not bear a grudge long. At first the connection between the two savours of the tie of patron and suitor, though there is always a merry humour about the correspondence, which shows that the patron was treated as an equal friend. Then we see Sheridan in the character of a host, giving up his country-house for Swift's and Stella's occupation. Presently, Swift is in London, staying with Pope at Twickenham, or with Cousin Lancelot in Bond Street, talking with great personages, lecturing Walpole on Ireland, and being generally lionized; and now Sheridan appears as his Irish agent, who arranges his leave of absence, looks after Stella, who is in very delicate health, manages the Dean's affairs, sends him his books, and gets them bound for him, and keeps him *au courant* with all that is going on among his Dublin friends. Again, Swift is back again in Ireland, and with much difficulty is persuaded to come and visit his friend and his new school at Cavan, whereupon many jokes are cracked, and sundry mishaps occur. Lastly, Sheridan comes back in broken health—more by reason of excesses than on account of the Cavan damps—and takes up his abode near Dublin for a little while; and death and imbecility terminate the long friendship of the two men.

In 1725 Swift was staying at Sheridan's "estate" of Quilca, with Stella and Mrs. Dingley. Sheridan, according to his friend and biographer, was not famous for skill in choosing houses, appraising land, or settling leases. He had several places scattered about Ireland, most of them unhealthy, tumbling to ruin, and left unoccupied; and they belonged to him simply because he could not get rid of them without paying tremendous sums for repairs. "His thoughts are sudden," says Swift, "and the most unreasonable always comes uppermost, and he constantly resolves and acts upon his first thoughts —and then asks advice; but never once before." Sheridan's fatality about buying houses and land was exemplified apparently in the case of Quilca. This investment

of the improvident Doctor is thus tersely described by his friend the Dean:—

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin dropping rain,
Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke,
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains
The Goddess Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, December 22, 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat-houses, or pay for carriage? No; but toward summer I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a ~~guinea~~ shilling for one: or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a-piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each; in short I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting, and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay and I hold my visitation on January 7, just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatic can do that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat.——Well, I

shall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Faden's with Dan and Sam; and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress.—We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to Arsellagh when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand and sorrow on the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares but Mrs. Macfaden's grey hairs? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and so is your wether mutton. Wild fowl is what we like.—How will this letter get to you?—A fortnight good from this morning you will find Quilca not the thing it was last August; nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroics, no morning epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable Master Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys to Rantavan! Answer all this, and be my *Magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, January 25, 1725.

. . . I CAN do no work this terrible weather, which has put us all seventy times out of patience. I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again. . . .

Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pickaxe that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown, and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off; and Mrs. Johnson (God help her!) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve.

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies' room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

> Eat like a Turk,
> Sleep like a dormouse;
> Be last at work,
> At victuals foremost.

Which is all at present; hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, etc.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud

hangs over them, for fear it should hold up and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggletail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or choose;
A church without pews.
Our horses astray,
No straw, oats, or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All servants at play.

Molly sends for the letter.

But, in spite of drawbacks, Swift seems to have endured Quilca with admirable patience, for he was constantly there in 1725. During this visit he heard of the success of his application to Lord Carteret in favour of Sheridan, and forthwith he writes his friend a couple of letters of good advice:—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28, 1725.

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir that spends his fortune faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean, but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30, and so they will have two nights' rest if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil to get a living the furthest in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth £200 a-year, my lord lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and proxies. If you are under the bishop of Cork, he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, etc. Be not disappointed if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and see whether you have any glebe. Pray

act like a man of this world. I doubt, being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man; but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good circumstance that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful if they please, but do not let them be your tenants. Advise with archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living: so will the proctors and tithe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all, I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin who know that country will further inform you. Mr. Townshend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account without any letter. Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it to a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange that I and Stella, and Mrs. Macfaden, should light on the same thought, to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go further, and say you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the bishop of Cork, I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter. I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them), that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends whose fees may be two guineas apiece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two apiece. ...

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses, no not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for anything you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute you cannot be less than thirty days

absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a-bed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August: but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your ill-wishers will give out you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, etc.

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worral; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, etc.

One cannot help being glad that the subject of all this sage counsel cast it to the winds, and, "the most unreasonable thought coming uppermost," immediately preached his famous sermon on "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof:" the day being King George's birthday. But it was not in human nature, certainly not in Swift's, to view with satisfaction this neglect of good advice and

waste of opportunities. Yet he writes very kindly to the unlucky parson; probably he knew well enough that Sheridan was sure to do the wrong thing some way or another.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, September 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred, by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in Ireland who would allow a potato and buttermilk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there anything in your countrymen upon this article more than what is common to all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text as from a rock. For, as Don Quixote said to Sancho, "What business had you to speak of a halter in a family where one of it was hanged?" And your innocence is a protection that wise men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be

quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as anybody, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first will sink under the second; and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for, being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commodâ*, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice had struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back, already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, etc.

I will hear none of your visions; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you shall be merry at the expense of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting

any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts but to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down; whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford once said to me on an occasion, "These fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it." When I come to town we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the castle; keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer; frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

In 1735 Sheridan bought a school at Cavan, and the change seems to have infected both him and Swift with a certain rollicking gaiety which marks all their future correspondence—except where money matters intervene. They write one another the foolishest nonsense, and take a delight in artfully concocting epistles in a single rhyme or termination. "God be thanked," wrote the Dean to Pope (Nov. 1, 1734), "I have done with everything and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and

burn to-morrow. Yet what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous, healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction." Swift finds the ending *ling* provocative of much merriment, and indites a communication to his friend after this manner:—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look a-s cow ling at me when I come, but get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fow ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you. Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling, and yet you see I am now a-s crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut ling s-and sugar to cure the curd ling of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am cal ling for my old one. I am cob ling my riding shoes and cur ling my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep such a cack ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling

and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling tailor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the alehouse, hand ling a mug, and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait, a-s cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling, you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spaw ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling; she was as wise as a goes ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the curates, or mud ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifier at best, while his wife, in her mac ling lace, is mull ling claret, to make her husband mad ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling

and swill ling her grand-children and a year ling calf. . . .

And so forth, with a hundred more "lings." Another day the feeblest rhymes on the days of the week employ the Dean's inventive faculty, or he gives Sheridan a series of versified prophecies: as

For the present year:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
> When only the d—— and b—ps will thrive;

And for the next:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
> When the d—— will carry the b—ps to Styx.

Or these two wits amuse themselves in writing English in Greek characters, or spell their words as though they were Latin, or divide them so as to pervert the sense. So we see Sheridan beginning a letter to Swift with this quaint medley, in which is undoubtedly much ingenuity, and as surely very little humour:—

"Dear Sir,—Eἶ καν not butt reap rhyme and εὐ for wry tinn sow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge εὐ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυστῆρ Δὴν, what ἶς εὗρ μᾶνιν τὸ πλέονος in e veri epistolas εὖδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no? Cann not yew right in nap lean met hood, as I do? εἶ γὼ ευ αρὰ πόνηρον all o key shuns: but cantu gay tann other subject toss at her eyes bis eyed my wife?"

Which, being interpreted, reads:—

"Dear Sir,—I cannot but reprimand you for writing so long an epistle about business, when, to my knowledge, you could as easily write upon nothing. Mr. Dean, what is your meaning to play on us in every epistle as you do in Anglo-Latino? Cannot you write in a plain method, as I do? I know you are a punner on all occasions, but can't you get another subject to satirize beside my wife?"

This wife of Sheridan's hated Swift with all her heart,—probably with excellent reason, if she was often treated to such specimens of his agreeable wit as the "Portrait from the Life":—

> Come sit by my side while this picture I draw:
> In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;

A temper the devil himself could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Pray tell me friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and
Merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

Swift visited his friend at Cavan in November, 1735, after many pressing entreaties—not, however, on the part of Mrs. Sheridan. He was suffering from an injured leg, and was generally in bad health; but he and Sheridan maintained a brisk two-headed correspondence with Swift's cousin in Dublin, Mrs. Whiteway. Sheridan's share of these epistles is here distinguished by italic type. The visitor begins:—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 8, 1735.

MADAM,—November 3, to Dunshallan, 12 long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, 16 miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to Crosskeys, 17 long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: yet I baited every day, and dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the doctor do his part.—*No quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting; and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he*

would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that everything will be better, except the two before-mentioned. Now the dean is to proceed.—In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanery, and see how the world goes there. The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.—*Dear madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean in potentiâ. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. Harrison will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing anything wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the club. The dean may say what he pleases of my ay con*

O my; but I assure you I have this moment in my house a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the dean.—It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the doctor last wrote: but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and schoolboy? So God bless you all. If the doctor has anything more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, etc.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Dr. Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a clubman frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be general —— or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, over puppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.—*The devil a lie I wrote, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection, your most obedient humble servant,*

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts; I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the dean is my witness.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 15, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,— . . . This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw,

particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Shele my wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin: for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist; and the carrier must take them from Shele's cellar, ready packed up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier, and give her eighteenpence to bear her charges, of which I will pay threepence, and the doctor intends paying another penny. By the conduct of this family I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, etc. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Dr. Shift. We abound in wild-fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, etc., for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house, but the way is soft and so fond of our shoes that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summer-house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The doctor is at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic chevalier Tisdall. As to Waller's advertisement, if I were in

town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to Miss Harrison and the doctor, and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

Beg a duck? beg a dozen. You shall not beg, but command. The dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can assure you that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt, and that my stairs and the poor cleanly maids know very well. You know that he talks ironically.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 28, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,—I take advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one. My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident, for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniences wanting; but one

pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the house back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm, our constant companion, threatens the fall of the whole edifice; madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study), there finishes his meal, and has share of a pint of wine; the other pint is left till night. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash, which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son, an excellent good one; when you go that way tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget that you are

a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses discard us at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal R—— to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the doctor will not cast him off he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster, Mr. L——, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach G—— for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and L—— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me that what you desire is to be had here every market-day; and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well.—*To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b—h, the fire-maker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them] so; for which the dean had her lugged this evening by the cookmaid; for which he paid her a three-pence, and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lug her well enough he gave her a lugging to show her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is*—(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the legion club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine! The cursed vipers use all means to increase the numbers of absentees.

Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Sican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the doctor conclude I am ever, etc.—*Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of December*) *excuse a long parenthesis: your most obedient and—*

And so Sheridan hedged his line in after all, though somewhat inconclusively. In the last letter written from Cavan during this visit, Swift is pleased to commend an improvement in the weather, which has turned frosty, and therefore not dirty, though walking is "like life at court, very slippery." Amidst much discussion of his leg and some wine, which ought to have come but did not, Swift says he has been to a dinner party at Cavan, much to his disgust:—

In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last that I was forced to ride five miles after nightfall on the worst road in Europe or county of Cavan. The Doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the *grand monde*, and beg subscriptions to build a schoolhouse! I am to stay with madam and her daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer.

We imagine a happy month indeed for Swift and "Madam," and it is disappointing to find at the end of the letter: "*Entre nous*, I will not stay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a secret, and if my health and the weather permit, I will be in town two or three days after

him." This was written on December 6, and Swift did indeed fly from the *tête-à-tête*, as he foretold, for he was back in Dublin in the course of the month.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

April 9, 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve all my friends; I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana, Tu clamas meretrix primus;* for we have all expected you here at Easter as you were used to do. Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in sup-port able. Yew wan twine. My stress Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harrison; which caused many speck you'll ash owns.——I am

now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling;* which explains many fine qualities in ladies, such as *grow ling, ray ling, tip ling,* (seldom) *toy ling, mumb ling, grumb ling, cur ling, puss ling, buss ling, strow ling, ramb ling, quarry ling, tatt ling, whiff ling, dabb ling, doub ling.* These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower; they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble. . . .

Poor Sherry the First was very near his end. Swift tells him in May, 1737, "Your loss of flesh is nothing if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither—I mean myself:" but loss of flesh may go too far, as it was proved in the poor Doctor's case. The sale of the Cavan school brought him about £400, with which he migrated to his house near Dublin, and, as his friend laconically puts it, "spent the money, grew into disease, and died."

The following letter to the clergyman to whom Swift had made over his first living of Kilroot so long ago as 1696 will show how lasting were his friendships, and also give a melancholy picture of his life at the Deanery.

TO THE REV. JOHN WINDER.

Dublin, Feb. 19, 1731-2.

SIR,—I had the favour of yours of the 6th instant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental sprain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner. I am heavily sorry for your disorders, and am the more sensible by those I have myself, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddiness,

which I fear my present confinement with the want of exercise will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve you or my nearest friends in any manner with people in power. For I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular displeasure both of the king and queen, as everybody knows, but likewise of every person both in England and Ireland who are [*sic*] well with the court, or can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two last lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a sober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and hath been long in the church, so that he still is my curate; and I reckon that this present government will do like the rest. I believe there is not any person you see from this town who does not know that my situation is as I describe. If you or your son were in favour with any bishop or patron, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind or solicited, but I am no way proper to be the first mover; because there is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit or by whom I am visited, but am as mere a mónk as any in Spain, and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except showing *malice*. All this I bear as well as I can, *eat my morsel alone* like a king, read constantly at home, when I am not riding or walking, which I do often, and always alone. I give you this picture of myself out of old friendship; from whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth are now left me. Yet I cannot read at night, and am therefore forced to

scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive the tediousness of the pen, which I acquire by the want of spending it in *talk;* and believe me to be with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient humble servant.

This letter takes us back to 1732, and shows us a gloomy interior of the Deanery of St. Patrick's even then. The disease of the ear from which Swift had suffered from his youth, producing pain and giddiness, had a large share in contributing to the morbid tone of his later years; but another and natural cause was at work. Swift was now an old man; he was seventy when Sheridan died; and no one ever lived his life more unsparingly than the restless Dean. In 1740 his irritability bordered on madness, for the disease was approaching the brain; but after two years of furious agony, when few dared approach him, the last stage was entered, and Swift became a gentle, passive, speechless invalid, content to stay in his chair, instead of, as of old, chafing at inaction, and so gradually faded away, till, on October 19th, 1745, the spirit burst its feeble bonds, and the long ordeal of pain and hopelessness was at an end. The days of his life had not been few, for he was all but seventy-eight when he died; but evil he would assuredly have termed them. Since Stella's death he had known little happiness; even his gaiety with Sheridan has a forced artificial ring, as though he joked to hide his misery. And the last years of all were relieved by scarcely a gleam of brightness. The following letters were among the last written before the cloud finally over-shadowed his intellect; and if he tries to be sprightly with Mr. Richardson, to his cousin at least he tells his misery in plain and mournful language. A life filled with a mysterious tragedy ended in unspeakable sadness.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

April 29, 1740.

DEAR MADAM,—I find that you and I are fellow-sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have

been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the one-thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Dr. Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service. I am ever entirely yours, etc.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 13, 1740.

DEAR SIR,—I could never believe Mrs. Whiteway's gasconades in telling me of her acquaintance with you. But my age and perpetual disorders, and chiefly my vexatious deafness, with other infirmities, have completed the utter loss of my memory; so that I cannot recollect the names of those friends who come to see me twice or oftener every week. However, I remember to wish you a long lasting joy of being no longer a bachelor, especially because the teaser at my elbow assures me that the lady is altogether worthy to be your wife. I therefore command you both (if I live so long) to attend me at the deanery the day after you land; where Mrs. Precipitate, alias Whiteway, says I will give you a scandalous dinner. I suppose you will see your governor, my old friend, John Barber, whom I heartily love; and so you are to tell him. I am, dear sir, your most obedient and obliged servant.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family: I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. I am, for those few days, yours entirely,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

If I do not blunder it is Saturday,
July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

NOTES

NOTES

Page 19. *Waryng* is Swift's spelling of the name; but he did not attach much importance to the choice of vowels, and *Waring* is the modern form.

Page 21. The *sink* is a graceful expression for Miss Waring's family circle, as appears from the subsequent reference to her mother's *company and conduct*.

Page 21. *Dr. Bolton* was given the deanery of Derry in preference to Swift.

Page 23. The dash in the fourth line from the top, and also that near the bottom of the page, appear in all editions; what they represent can only be ascertained by a reference to the MS., which is, I think, lost.

Page 26. *Lord Primate*. William King, formerly Bishop of Derry, and then Archbishop of Dublin, with whose countenance Swift was negotiating for the remission of the first-fruits.

Page 27. *A bite*, in the fashionable slang of the period, meant a smart saying or repartee, generally involving a hoax.

Page 28. *My former letter*. This refers, not to the preceding letter in this selection, but to some intervening correspondence which has not been published.

Page 29. *Mother*. Stella's mother, Mrs. Johnson (widow of Edward Johnson, said to have been a servant of Sir William Temple's), was an attendant or companion of Lady Giffard, Temple's sister, at Moor Park. When Stella went to Ireland in 1700, her mother remained with her patroness, and Swift's dislike of the Temple family made communications with Mrs. Johnson sometimes difficult; see page 51.

Page 30. *En queis*, etc. Verg., *Ecl.*, i., 73.

Page 34. *First-fruits being performed.* The remission was only promised; and the matter was not really concluded until Harley took it up at Swift's instance in 1710 (p. 66).

Page 35. *A pamphlet.* This was Swift's own *Letter concerning the Sacramental Test.* The disavowal did not deceive the archbishop, for he replied, Feb. 10, "I will engage you will lose nothing by that paper." The reflections upon Swift himself are not now in the *Letter*, and may be only a part of the attempted deception. Swift was always needlessly secret about his writings.

Page 36. *Addison* was chief secretary to Lord Wharton, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1708—1710), for whom Swift afterwards conceived an undying hatred; see my *Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift*, p. 167, and note, p. 275.

Page 38. *Stetimus*, etc. Verg., *Aen.*, xi., 282.

Page 38. *Mrs. Floyd.* The famous toast of the day, to whom Swift wrote the verses, "To Biddy Floyd." In her later years (1731-6) she lived with Lady Betty Germain, who wrote of her to Swift in 1731 that she was "just the same as she was: laughs sedately and makes a joke slyly."

Page 39. *Dr. Atterbury.* Dean of Christ Church, and afterwards Bishop of Rochester, the truculent leader of the High Church party in Convocation, and an intimate friend of Swift's.

Page 39. *Gregory* and *Keil.* Two mathematicians.

Page 39. *Many bars' length.* Swift had no taste for music and such "fine stuff." See the *Journal to Stella*, above, pp. 93-4.

Page 40. Ambrose Philips, the author of the *Pastorals* (see p. 107), was then in Canada.

Page 40. *Mrs. Long.* The toast of the Kit Cat Club, and a great friend of Swift. He made a whimsical treaty with her, published in the 1719 volume of Miscellanies; and thus notices her death at Lynn in Dec., 1711, "She was the most beautiful person of the age she lived in, of great honour and virtue, infinite sweetness and generosity of temper, and true good sense. I never was more afflicted at any death."

Page 40. *Mrs. Barton.* Sir Isaac Newton's niece, and also a reigning toast.

Page 42. *A very worthy person.* Dr. Thomas Milles had been appointed to the see of Waterford instead of Swift.

Page 42. *Sir Andrew Fountaine.* The owner of Narford, a

virtuoso, and the founder of the well-known collections, which include some valuable Swift MSS.

Page 43. *Mrs. Johnson cannot make a pun.* See p. 27, and p. 171.

Page 43. *Dean of St. Patrick's.* Dr. Sterne, an intimate friend of Swift's, in spite of occasional differences. He was consecrated Bishop of Clogher in 1713, when Swift succeeded him at St. Patrick's.

Page 44. *Visited by proxy.* Swift was a great stickler for his ecclesiastical dignity, and resented a visitation by his friend the dean in place of the archbishop.

Page 49. *Journal to Stella.* This title has been called a misnomer, for what reason it is hard to say. Swift himself terms it a journal repeatedly, and undoubtedly it was written for Stella's eyes, though Propriety Dingley was included for prudence' sake.

Page 51. *Lord Treasurer.* Sidney Godolphin, who resigned in 1710, and died in 1712. Swift satirized him in the verses on *Sid Hamet's Rod.*

Page 51. *Stella's mother.* See note to p. 29 above.

Page 51. *Bishop of Clogher.* St. George Ashe (brother of Dilly, or the Rev. Dillon, the punster), translated to Derry, 1716.

Page 51. *The Tatler, i.e.* the editor, Richard Steele.

Page 51. *My business.* Obtaining the remission of the first-fruits.

Page 52. *My picture.* This is Jervas's portrait of Swift, now in the Bodleian, and engraved in Scott's edition of the *Works.*

Page 52. *Jack Temple.* A nephew of Sir William.

Page 52. *Erasmus Lewis*, then secretary to Lord Dartmouth.

Page 53. *Lord Doblane, i.e.* Lord Dupplin; see p. 107.

Page 54. *Bring me over.* Swift did not finally cast in his lot with the Tories till a week later; see p. 57, *I have done with them* (the Whigs).

Page 54. *You know what.* The *Tale of a Tub*, which made his reputation.

Page 55. *Refinement.* Meaning flattery.

Page 57. *Southwell.* Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Page 58. *Revolutions.* The change of ministry enabled Swift to win the cause of the Irish clergy in the matter of the first-fruits (p. 66).

Page 61. *Some certain things.* Writing the *Examiners* in defence of the government.

Page 63. *Lady Kerry.* Sister to Lord Shelburne.

Page 65. *Author of the Atalantis' spelling.* Poor Mrs. de la Rivière Manley, whom Swift used as one of his "under-spur-leathers," in writing pamphlets and some of the *Examiners;* see p. 96. He wrote of her to Addison (Aug. 22, 1710): "It is as though she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed up in a bag; and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them on her paper, where about once in five hundred times they happen to be right;" but in the *Journal* he says more kindly, "She has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention; she is about forty, very homely, and very fat." *The New Atalantis* was no very reputable history.

Page 65. *Writ better.* Swift's hand in the Journal is particularly small and close—sometimes over seventy lines in a page; but it is never indistinct.

Page 66. *Stoyte.* A Dublin family, very intimate with Stella.

Page 68. The asterisks are in the MS., to indicate his distance from Stella.

Page 69. *This defeat.* The battle of Villa Viciosa.

Page 69. *Ford.* Mr. Charles Ford, a constant friend, who was entrusted in 1726 with the task of conveying the MS. of *Gulliver* to the printer.

Page 70. *His own dearest MD.* Swift forgets sometimes that MD includes Dingley.

Page 73. *Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter.* Vanessa is thus casually mentioned to Stella.

Page 74. *Raymond.* Vicar of Trim, and therefore neighbour of Swift at Laracor.

Page 74. *Joe.* Joseph Beaumont, "poet Joe," a mathematically-minded merchant of Trim.

Page 74. The *cipher* is read by omitting every other letter: *a bank bill for fifty pound,* with which Harley sought to reward Swift.

Page 75. The "little language," of which a good specimen occurs at the foot of this page, has been commented on with much hermeneutical learning by Mr. Forster. It is simply the half-articulate nonsense which is addressed to every baby in the

world:—"You must cry there and here and here again. Must you imitate Presto pray? Yes, and so she shall. And so there's for the letter. Good morrow."

Page 76. *Marquis de Guiscard* was a thorough-paced rogue, who had formerly been employed by the government of Godolphin to intrigue against France, and was nominally in receipt of a pension of £400, but it does not seem to have been regularly paid. Disappointed with his dismissal, and dissatisfied with his reward, he entered into treasonable correspondence with France, and was arrested by St. John. It was at his examination before the Council that, in a state of misery, starvation, and frenzy, the poor wretch made a few pinks at Harley with a penknife, and was prevented from murdering the whole Council with this deadly weapon by the heroic behaviour of St. John, who ventured to cross his sword with the terrible penknife with all the courage of an actor. The wound was trifling; but it made Harley's political fortune by the popular sympathy it aroused. Guiscard died miserably in prison soon afterwards. See Craik, *Life of Swift*, pp. 214-16.

Page 76. *Lord Keeper.* Sir Simon Harcourt.

Page 77. *Dr. Radcliffe*, the well-known physician, and pious founder at Oxford.

Page 78. *Club of deans and Stoytes.* Referring to the Saturday meetings of a pleasant circle of friends in Dublin, in which the Dean (Dr. Sterne), Archdeacon Walls and his wife, the Stoytes, Stella and Dingley, with Swift when in Dublin, were the chief luminaries. Cards seem to have been the regular amusement of the evening, and Swift is fond of bantering Stella on her play.

Page 78. *A poor country gentleman.* Because lodged at Chelsea, which was rural enough to permit Swift to bathe in the Thames, clad in a napkin about his head, though even in 1711 the passing of many boats distracted the swimmer.

Page 79. *Saturday Club.* The three chief members of the ministry and Swift used to meet and discuss measures over dinner on Saturdays. It formed a species of cabinet council, and Harley called it his flogging day. It must not be confused with the "Brothers' Club," founded in 1711 by Swift and his friends, to promote wit and conversation, which met on Thursdays.

Page 81. *Lady Betty Butler and Lady Ashburnham*, the

single and the married daughter of the Duke of Ormond. Lady Ashburnham's death in 1712 was keenly felt by Swift (p. 108). Lady Betty lived to the age of ninety, and never married.

Page 82. Lady Betty Germain, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and widow (since 1718) of Sir John Germain, was a very constant friend and correspondent of Swift's down to his extreme old age.

Page 84. *To venture.* Swift was so obnoxious to the Whigs that, in the days of Mohock license, it was hardly safe for him to walk alone at night.

Page 87. *Barber, a printer.* The same who became afterwards Lord Mayor, and whom Swift rightly called his "very good and old friend."

Page 89. *The Duchess of Shrewsbury* was a daughter of the Marchese Paleotti.

Page 89. *Jack of Newbury.* John Winchescombe, a clothier, who led his hands, armed and mustering 100 men, to the battle of Flodden.

Page 91. The treatment of Stella's news of the supposed death of the Bishop of London at Wexford is a masterpiece of raillery.

Page 92. *Inish-Corthy,* etc. Swift is ridiculing Dingley's spelling of Enniscorthy, just as he caricatures the handwriting of Stella by scrawling the words printed in italics on this and the following page in a preposterous manner. Stella's hand was really modelled on Swift's, which it closely resembled.

Page 94. *Tantivy.* A name applied to the High Church party, derived from the huntsman's cry; the High Church clergy were figured as "riding tantivy to Rome."

Page 96. *One hand.* Swift's *Examiners* were Nos. 14—46, or 13—45 in the reprint; see my *Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift,* p. 275.

Page 96. *A woman.* Mrs. Manley; see note to p. 65.

Page 100. The new peers created Dec. 31st, 1711, to secure a majority for the Peace in the Lords, were Lords Bathurst, Bruce (son of the Earl of Ailesbury), Burton, Compton (son of Lord Northampton), Foley, Hay, Lansdowne, Masham, Mansel, Mountjoy, Middleton, Trevor. Lords Masham, Bathurst, and Lansdowne were among the sixteen members of the "Brothers' Club."

Page 102. *Our president, i.e.* of the Brothers. The presi-

dent was changed weekly, and paid the club, which sometimes came to £15 for dinner.

Page 103. *Dr. Arbuthnot.* The chief author of the *Scriblerus* papers, and the *Art of Political Lying*, etc., and one of the most charming of Swift's intimates.

Page 105. *To France.* Whither the Duke of Hamilton was going as ambassador.

Page 105. *With a wannion.* Meaning "with a vengeance:" the derivation is disputed.

Page 106. St. John was created Viscount Bolingbroke in July, 1712. Harley had been Earl of Oxford for more than a year: he died in June, 1724, and therefore does not come into Swift's later correspondence.

Page 111. *Diaper.* The author of *Sea Eclogues.*

Page 113. *I believe for all . . . see me*, etc. Mr. Forster reads the MS. (which has as usual been blotted out by the officious editor, who was perpetually blushing for Swift's baby language), "*I believe for all oo Ppt can say, oo may see me,*" etc. I have examined the erased portion very carefully, with the skilled assistance of the officers of the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum, and can trace not a word of the middle of this. The words have been too elaborately written over to allow even a probable guess.

Page 123. *To Arbuthnot.* First published by Cunningham, Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, iii., 203.

Page 124. *The Dragon* is a nickname for Oxford, and *the Squire* (p. 125) for Bolingbroke. The following is Arbuthnot's reply:—

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

[INDORSED, "AFFAIRS STILL WORSE."]

Kensington, July 10, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have talked of your affairs to nobody but my lady Masham. She tells me "That she has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own sake and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit season to speak about it." We are indeed in such a strange condition as to politics that nobody can tell now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four-and-twenty hours only, to consider the oddness of the scene; I am sure it would make you relish your country-life the better.

The Dragon holds fast with a dead gripe the little machine [his treasurer's staff]. If he would have taken but half so much pains to have done other things as he has of late to exert himself against the Esquire, he might have been a *Dragon* instead of a *Dagon*. I would no more have suffered and done what he has, than I would have sold myself to the galleys. *Haec inter nos*. However, they have now got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a scheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under some head or another. They really did very well the last day but one in the House of Lords; but yesterday they were in a flame about the queen's answer, till the queen came in and put an end to it.

The Dragon showed me your letter, and seemed mightily pleased with it. He has paid £10 for a manuscript, of which I believe there are several in town. It is a history of the last invasion of Scotland, wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history which you and I know, with characters of all the men now living, the very names, and invitation that was sent to the pretender. This by a flaming Jacobite, that wonders all the world are not so. Perhaps it may be a Whig that personates a Jacobite. I saw two sheets of the beginning, which was treason every line. If it goes on at the same rate of plain dealing, it is a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to see it only. Mr. Lockhart, they say, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be so dogged; but after the first shower come up to town for a week or so. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to see you, and none more than myself. Adieu.

Page 125. *Ossoryes*, etc. Hartstrong, Bishop of Ossory, was translated to Derry, and Dawes from Chester to York.

Page 125. *Hints*. For *Martinus Scriblerus*.

Page 125. *Some papers*. The *History of the Last Four Years of Queen Anne*.

Page 131. *Discourse*. *Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs*.

Page 145. *Vanessa*. A combination of Van(homrigh) and Essy, Hester's pet name. See a valuable essay on *Cadenus and Vanessa* by Mr. Edward Solly in the *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*, Jan., 1885.

Page 155. *Gallstown*, or Gaulstown, the residence of the Rocheforts, afterwards Lords Kilmaine.

Page 158. The marriage between Swift and Stella appears to have been performed in the deanery garden by St. George Ashe, the Bishop of Clogher, in 1716.

Page 159. *Mr. Worrall*, vicar of St. Patrick's, who often acted as Swift's agent at Dublin.

Page 160. *Healthy part*. The deanery of St. Patrick's was in the most unhealthy part of Dublin; but the "impropriety" weighed more with Swift, who was morbidly sensitive about appearances.

Page 169. *Stella's birth*. It is curious that no biographer of Swift has thought of looking up the register of Stella's baptism. There has been a good deal of confusion as to the year of her birth, owing to the circumstance that March 13th, 1681, may mean March 13, 1680-1, or 1681-2, according as the editor corrected or did not correct Swift's date to the new division of the year at January. The latter has been the usual supposition, and Stella has been given March 13, 1682, for her birthday. The registers happen to be carefully preserved at Richmond, and I found the entry of Stella's baptism without any difficulty, the last in the (old) year, 1680: "*Hester ye daughter of Edwd Johnson bapt* 20" [March, 1680], thus showing that she was christened Hester, not Esther; that her father's name was Edward, a small fact hitherto unknown; and that the year of her birth was what we now call 1681. Mr. Leslie Stephen surmised that this was the true date; but the other biographers have agreed in placing Stella's birth in 1681-2. Thus Mr. Craik makes her "scarcely eight years old" at the end of 1689, whereas she was nearer nine than eight. In his index he gives March 13, 1681, as the day of her birth, but does not explain whether he means 1680-1, or 1681-2.

Before dismissing the subject of Stella and Vanessa, one or two remarks seem necessary. Mr. Craik objects to the two names being coupled together, as they have always been, in the popular sentiment, and urges that Swift's feeling for Vanessa in no way interfered with his love for Stella. With so unusual a nature as Swift's it is perhaps possible to accept such anomalies; but to most minds it will still appear inconceivable that the passion of Vanessa, returned to some degree as it undoubtedly was, should have left Swift's calmer affection for Stella undis-

turbed. I have avoided all useless speculations on this last peculiar lifelong connection; we have no certain evidence to enable us to decide its exact character; but that the relation of Swift to Vanessa was temporarily that of a lover cannot be doubted. The correspondence is too plain to be mistaken.

Page 186. The asterisks indicate two or three words erased in the MS.

Page 186. *My country seat.* His vicarage at Laracor, which he retained as dean, appointing a curate.

Page 193. *The wine is good.* Swift was very particular about his claret. His later letters contain many references to his custom of taking a pint of good French wine for dinner (see pp. 226, 227, 231, 233, etc.), and if he generally drank Margaux he was right in calling it good. The following is the only letter (besides the *Journal*) addressed to Stella in the published collection of Swift's correspondence, and in it we find him laughing at her for misspelling *Margoose* or Margaux:—

TO MRS. JOHNSON.

Deanery House, Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening; and, for aught I know, Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Margoose and not *Mergoose:* it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon [Walls] got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could easily have overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would.

This letter was endorsed by Stella, "an answer to no letter": so it seems that Swift concocted both sides of the correspondence.

Page 196. *The Lady.* Mrs. Howard.

Page 200. *Patched and altered.* These editorial changes in *Gulliver* are alluded to in the letter from Gulliver to Simpson prefixed to later editions.

Page 201. *Patty Blount.* Familiar to all readers of Pope's life as the one cheerful and wholesome element in the last years of the poet.

Page 204. *Sir Arthur* Acheson, at whose house at Market Hill Swift was fond of staying, was a less remarkable person than his wife. Swift's verses on "Hamilton's Bawn" humorously describe the life at Market Hill.

Page 205. *An ingenious physician.* Dr. Delany, a constant, but hardly a warm, friend to Swift, and in late life the husband of Mrs. Pendarves.

Page 211. *Forty-seven years old.* Referring to 1714, the year of Queen Anne's death.

Page 214. *Next summer in France.* This project was not realized. Swift never left Ireland after 1727, and was never on the Continent in his life.

Page 221. *Two great works.* The *Polite Conversations* and *Directions to Servants.*

Page 224. *Five hundred lines.* The poem *On the Death of Dr. Swift*, first published in 1733.

Page 229. This interesting and affecting letter was first printed in Cunningham's additions to his edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, iii., 205-6. It bears no date, but the letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to which it is a reply, is published with the date Oct. 4, 1734.

Page 230. *The Bishop of Marseilles* refers to the prelate immortalized by Pope.

Page 232. This and the following letter to Alderman Barber will be found to vary from the ordinary texts by the insertion of several words and even phrases, such as *and the bearer your agent, and health*, etc., besides slighter differences. These are due to the care of Mr. Gilbert Macquoid, who, having access to the original thirteen letters of Swift to Barber, which were unfortunately sold by auction in 1885 instead of being placed in the British Museum, was so good as to collate my selections with the manuscripts. I have not reproduced the punctuation

or spelling, both matters in which Swift was absolutely careless, nor have I removed the date from the head to the foot of the letters; but all really significant variations have been inserted. Previous editors have printed a dash — after the words *I dare not ride so far as to be a night from*; but the sentence ends at *from* with a full stop. No doubt the word *home* or something like it was accidentally omitted. The general result of Mr. Macquoid's collation of the letters is to show, what was indeed well known, that Scott was a careless editor. Even the date is given wrongly in one instance.

Page 233. *Dr. Arbuthnot's death* occurred early in 1735.

Page 237. *Your neighbour.* Mr. William Pulteney, M.P., one of Walpole's deadliest enemies and most resolute opponents.

Page 247. *Quilca.* "The quiet country retreat which Dr. Sheridan had made for himself in a bleak spot amongst the wildest of the Cavan heaths. It stood close to a little lake, and the care of its proprietor is still visible in the splendid avenues of trees which compass it even in its decay. Round it have clung many traditions of its owner, of Swift, and of their amusements. The stretch along which Sheridan was wont, as it is said, to attempt a revival of the Roman chariot races; the slope close by the lake which he used for a theatre; the seat in the garden where Swift's arbour stood; the lake itself where Sheridan is said to have constructed an impromptu island out of osier twigs and turf to astonish Swift—all these have their place in the stories that haunt the neighbourhood."—Craik, *Life of Swift*, p. 427.

Page 248. *Guinea.* The word is struck through in the MS., and *shilling* written instead.

Page 248. *Mrs. Brent.* Swift's old housekeeper.

Page 249. *Rantavan.* Where dwelt Henry Brooke, the "Fool of Quality."

Page 254. *Pledge any health.* Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cork, had preached a sermon, Nov. 4, 1713, against "Drinking in Remembrance of the Dead," which was directed against pledging the "glorious pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William III."

Page 255. *Mr. Tickell.* The biographer of Addison, and a man of influence at the Castle.

Page 263. *Brother Helsham.* Fellow of Trinity, like Delany. The two combined to build a house, which they called at first

"Hel-Del-Ville," and which became historical as Mrs. Delany's "Delville."

Page 263. *Club*, and *clubman* (p. 264). Swift referred to the Irish Parliament, which he anathematized in the satire on the *Legion Club* in 1736.

Page 271. *Winder*. I have collated this letter with the original in Mr. Murray's possession, and find several misreadings in the ordinary text: *can* omitted before *read and write; heartily* for *heavily; and am* for *read; is* for *are* (a correction of grammar, however); *in* for *of*, etc. Any new edition of Swift's writings should be preceded by a careful collation of all existing manuscripts; for every examination hitherto made accumulates evidence of Sir Walter Scott's carelessness. It would be ungrateful, however, to point out these comparatively trifling defects, without recording at the same time the immense services which Scott rendered to literature by collecting Swift's works. He was no doubt wanting in the minute accuracy which is now apparently the only qualification sought after in editors, but he spared no pains in gathering materials, and his notes and introductions are generally valuable.

Page 273. *Disease*. "The most recent medical opinion clearly establishes the fact . . . that Swift's disease was not a case of gradually developing insanity, which might have affected his reason even while its development was proceeding, but a case of specific malady, which tortured him during life, and which ultimately produced a definite injury to the brain, but which up to that point in no way obliterated his reason. . . . Sir William Wilde, in his 'Closing Years of Dean Swift' . . . showed that the Dean suffered throughout life from brain pressure, aggravated by gastric attacks; and that congestion, to which he says the name of *epileptic vertigo* might be applied, was ultimately accompanied by paralysis, under which the brain sank into lethargy rather than insanity. Dr. Bucknill . . . proves that the two maladies of giddiness and deafness from which Swift suffered . . . had their origin in a disease in the region of the ear, to which the name of *labyrinthine vertigo* has been given. This physical malady, as Dr. Bucknill shows, would have an increasingly depressing effect as years went on, or strength failed, and as other causes for melancholy came to ally themselves with it. . . . But nothing that could be called insanity came on, until this physical and local malady produced

paralysis, a symptom of which was the not uncommon one of aphasia, or the automatic utterance of words, ungoverned by intention. As a consequence of that paralysis, but not before, the brain, already weakened by senile decay, at length gave way, and Swift sank into the dementia which preceded his death."—H. Craik, *Life of Swift*, p. 560-1. The depressing effects of this painful malady have never been sufficiently considered in excuse for Swift's morbid gloom and misanthropy.

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